

THE DIAL

A Monthly Journal of Current Literature.

PUBLISHED BY
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THE DIAL

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VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Marie Hugo, who died May 22, was born at Besançon, February 26, 1802. Cardinal Newman, Mr. Bancroft, and Professor Ranke, are almost the only famous living authors who antedate him. Hugo has exceeded by just eight months the age of him who passed away at Weimar, March 22, 1832. It is a very curious fact, which I have not seen noted, that the three preëminent figures in European letters since Shakspeare—Voltaire, Goethe, Hugo,—each had a literary career extending over upwards of sixty years. Nearly as long, although somewhat less conspicuous, was the career of Carlyle. Like these great predecessors, Hugo rose to eminence almost at a bound. No attempt will be made in this place to sketch a life the outlines of which are to-day in all the newspapers.

Victor Hugo was of good as well as gentle birth: the adjectives are not always synonymous. His father was one of Napoleon's distinguished generals; his mother a gentlewoman

of remarkable force of mind and character. The predominance of the mother's influence over the young poet is illustrated by the fact that his earliest poems are deeply tintured with her Bourbon and Papal principles. Indeed, the great discrowner made his *début* in literature as a kind of unofficial poet-laureate to Louis XVIII. and Charles X., writing elaborate odes in honor of these princes and members of their family. Despite these prepossessions, his youthful imagination was haunted by the portentous image of the great Napoleon, for whom his admired father had fought; and his mind has never shaken off this spell. More fortunate than Alexander, Napoleon has found his Homer in this child of his general. Again and again, in his prose as well as his poems, Hugo yields to the fascination of this "imperial theme," and such passages, collected in one place, would fill a considerable volume. Such a volume would probably furnish curious illustrations of the poet's successive political transformations. Of course, the young legitimist treats the usurper with great severity, though with a suppressed and involuntary admiration which must have made his royal patrons shudder. After the Revolution of July, 1830, which he warmly supported, the poet returns to the theme in strains of wonderful power, calling for the interment of the glorious sleeper under the Vendôme column, where his shade shall not miss the infinite roar of ocean in the tread of millions of feet above his resting-place. Finally, in *Les Châtiments*, which constitute perhaps the most terrific arraignment to which a monarch has ever been subjected, Napoleon the Great is fervidly exalted in order to sharpen the contrast between him and Napoleon the Little.

It was in the poems afterwards collected under the title of *Les Chants du Crépuscule* (1835), written in the days of the July Revolution, that Victor Hugo began to exhibit the spirit of humanitarian radicalism which made him from that time the leader of the immortal company of poets, orators, publicists,—among whom our own Whittier, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, are not the least honored,—who have made the nineteenth century of the people. "I am the child of this century," he writes, in the parting song of *Les Feuilles d'Automne*. "Each year an error departs from my mind, surprised and undeceived, and my faith remains firm only in thee, holy fatherland and holy liberty!" Hearing everywhere the cries of the oppressed, he resolves to dedicate his muse to the service of the defenceless classes. "Forgetting, therefore, love, family, childhood, idle songs, retired leisure, I add to my

lyre a brazen chord." With the din of the barricades hardly out of his ears, he sketches in an exhilarating ode the magnificent future of the opening century, "a century pure and pacific," in which the young men of France shall emulate their strong and generous ancestors—"men a hundred cubits high, foster-fathers of nations,"—a century in which they shall enfranchise the nations and liberate human thought, carry the torch of freedom to those who sit in darkness, and lead the human race to double its step toward the sublime goal.

Whatever may be said of "the young men of France" thus addressed, of Victor Hugo at least it may be affirmed that he has for fifty-five years been true as steel to his teachings. He dies knowing that the ideal programme thus sketched in 1830 was prophetic. He has read his own prophecy in the light of its fulfilment. He dies with the happy consciousness that his works have cooperated with the best tendencies of his time to bring about popular government in France and England, to liberate Hungary and unite Italy, to free Russian serf and African slave, to improve penal codes and temper justice with mercy, to give utterance to the inarticulate indignation and aspiration of the masses everywhere, to obtain for men of all tongues and classes the priceless benefits of science and letters untrammelled by the *imperium* of mediæval ecclesiasticism.

In no period of her history, not even in the age of Molière and Corneille, can France show a more brilliant company of men of literary genius than that of which Victor Hugo has for a half-century been the acknowledged chief. "Acknowledged," I say; but the acknowledgment is as often to be sought in the violence of revolt against such preëminence, as in the loyalty of his followers. Anglo-Saxon critics find in this supremacy a riddle hard to read. That in the land of *bon goût* and of *esprit*, a writer signally ungifted with these fine qualities should so long be

"Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance," univalued in all the higher forms of poetry, is a fact unexampled and unparalleled in literary history. To say that this success is due to the vast range, the teeming fertility of his genius, to its fiery energy untamed by time, is but little more than to re-state the riddle.

No poet is more at home among children. None portrays more exquisitely the innocent thoughts and fresh fancies of that blessed Eden in each man's life which we call childhood. Nor is his sympathy confined to the home of happy childhood: he seems still more tenderly familiar with the wretched garret of

"The child of misery baptised in tears." Perhaps his *Fantines* and *Esmeraldas* are more charming and touching creations than their happier sisters. But those who know Victor

Hugo only as the poet of childhood and of sentiment, can have little conception of his prodigious range. When he rises to his full height, he leaves these happy regions, and strides through a dim realm of terrors where, as in Milton's abode of the fallen angels,

"Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire."

Of this fantastic realm of the dreadful, the grotesque, the unspeakable, Victor Hugo is unchallenged sovereign. He transports us to no serene land of dreams "beyond the light of the morning star"; or if he does at times have visions of such scenes, they are such glimpses as a scathed and outcast spirit might catch at Heaven's gate. In a passage of characteristic eloquence concerning *Æschylus*, Hugo unconsciously describes his own mind so remarkably, that I venture to offer a translation of a few lines:

"*Æschylus* has none of the recognized proportions. He is shaggy, abrupt, excessive, unsusceptible of softened contour, almost savage, with a grace all his own like that of the flowers of wild nooks, haunted less by the nymphs than by the fairies, siding with the Titans, among the goddesses choosing the austere, greeting the Gorgons with a dark smile, like *Othryx* and *Briareus* a son of the soil, and ready to scale the skies anew against the upstart *Jupiter*."

As his thoughts and images, so are his heroes. If the modern popular imagination has lost sight of the demi-gods, genii, kobolds, were-wolves, of primitive poetry, if these,

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets," all have vanished, yet do Victor Hugo's works alone go far to re-people our fancies with such shapes of dread and terror. Jean Valjean, *Hernani*, *Ruy Blas*, are hardly less heroic beings than *Achilles*, *Siegfried*, and the *Cid*; while *Quasimodo*, *Triboulet*, *Goulatromba*, *Javert*, are as much preternatural beings as the mediæval elves and goblins. Wanting taste and measure, Hugo never hesitates to overstep "the modesty of nature." Beyond Nature he discovers the realm of Chaos and Old Night, in which all poets who had before him ventured there had perished. Into this realm he calmly enters; here he sets up his throne and asserts his right of eminent domain. *Saintsbury* says of him pregnantly: "His defects emerge as his merits subside." Would it not be equally true to say that he succeeds partly by virtue of his defects? To a genius of such lurid vividness of fancy, such Napoleonic swiftness of invention, such vast sweep of wing, the qualities missed by the critics would have been shackling and emasculating. Had he been eminently endowed with the attributes which constitute the greatness of *Virgil* and *Gray*, Victor Hugo would never have been the leader of the most notable literary movement of the century.

At any rate, millions of readers have for sixty years been content to accept our poet with all his defects. Would you have him very different? A correct and decorous Victor Hugo would be as bad as Racine's Theseus in knee-breeches and pumps. Such as he is, he has gone to represent his age in that select congress of bards and sages whom Dante saw in his vision. Petrarch, Chaucer, Shakespere, Molière, Milton, Cervantes, Voltaire, have joined that company since Dante went to it the second time. There Goethe, of whose superior fame he seemed envious, and Emerson, of whom he seems never to have heard, have already welcomed Victor Hugo.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON.

VICTOR HUGO.—THREE SONNETS.

I.

A century of wonder-working years
Are almost past, since Freedom's dawn, blood-red,
Shone first on France, a growing splendor shed
O'er souls of men held fast by shapeless fears
Born of the night and nurtured by the tears
Of myriads priest- and king-enthralled, who led
Lives made familiar with such grief that dread
Of life grew greater than of death which sears
The wound of being. And the sunrise brought
A singer forth, who gazed upon the sun
With eye undazzled, and whose song was fraught
With thunders and with lightnings, such as none
Save he might wield; and mightily he wrought
For Freedom's sake, until his work was done.

II.

Yet not without fierce struggle was the night
Utterly vanquished; for the early gleam
Of morning quickly faded, and each beam
Of the uprisen sun was veiled from sight
By lowering storm-clouds, while in day's despite
Many lay down to sleep again and dream,
Witless that of all hours the hour supreme
Was come indeed for France. But all was light
About the singer's soul; and he alone
With unbowed head braved out the storm, defied
Its impotent utmost rage; while radiant shone
Within his eyes a light no storm might hide:
Such songs he sang as earth had never known;
And when the sun shone clear again, he died.

III.

Highest of all the singers of our age,
His songs are ours forever, set beyond
The reach of envious years, a precious bond
To bind all hearts with his, and to assuage
In part the grief wherewith we turn that page
Of Life writ with his name; while memories fond
Gladden our hearts, that may not all despond
Since he has left with us so rich a gage.
And yet his death has darkened all the earth,
And life may never be again the same
As when he shared it with us; now in dearth
And desolation, we invoke his name,
Dwell on the recollection of his worth,
And guard the sacred heritage of his fame.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT.*

This work completes the labor of fourteen years of one hundred and one Biblical scholars, sixty-seven of whom were English and Scotch, and thirty-four American. This revised Bible is the first version of the Christian Scriptures upon which so large a number of persons have been employed. The earlier versions were mostly the work of individuals; although forty-seven scholars, appointed by royal authority and belonging to one church, prepared that of 1611. This also is the most catholic of all versions, for the revisers have been confined to no single church or denomination, but were chosen purely on the ground of scholastic and Biblical qualifications, from all branches of English-speaking Christendom using King James's version.

The version of the New Testament was given the public four years ago. It has been severely criticized on two grounds: first, that of the Greek text taken as the basis of the revision; and secondly, for the changes made in the translation, which are said to have marred the style of the authorized version. The revised Old Testament escapes the possibility of attack upon a ground similar to the first of these, because there is in reality, since all Hebrew MSS. are of one recension or family, but one Hebrew text, and although this text may not be perfect, still means at present are not at hand to correct it. And for the second of these reasons, we are confident also that it will not receive severe worthy criticism. The proportionate number of changes is only about one-half as many as those made in the New Testament. The effect of the pure and simple style of the authorized version has not been destroyed. On the whole, we think the English of the Old Testament will be found to have been improved, while the meaning of the original has been more clearly presented, and there has been placed within the reach of the mere English reader what hitherto has been confined to those familiar with the Hebrew.

The revisers have been very conservative. The English ones particularly seem to have loved the old version for its own sake—to have revered it as a product of their own mother tongue, a classic of the flowering-time in English literature. Hence they have dealt with it very gently and touched it sparingly. All archaisms, whether of language or construction, not liable to be misunderstood, although not in familiar use, have been retained; such words as "disannul" for "annul" "astonied" for "astonished," "minish" for "diminish," "strakes" for "streaks," "fray" for "frighten,"

*THE HOLY BIBLE. Containing the Old and New Testaments, Translated out of the Original Tongues, being the Version set forth A. D. 1611, Compared with the most Ancient Authorities and Revised. Oxford: At the University Press. 1885.

"sith" for "since," and others. This was against the protest of the American revisers, who, in the true American spirit, would have substituted modern expressions; regarding the Bible, in the words of one of them, "not a repository of linguistic curiosities, but a book of life and instruction." They were the less conservative body. They preferred as the Divine name "Jehovah" wherever it occurs in the Hebrew text, instead of, after the authorized version, "the LORD" or "God." But since these latter, when standing for Jehovah, are distinguished by being printed in small-capitals, and since there is properly no such Hebrew word as *Jehovah* (the vowel points being those of the Hebrew *Adonai*), and since, also, this change would have effected hundreds of verses and disturbed associations with so many passages that are household words, we are glad that it was not made. Indeed, in English speech the Lord, as the name of Deity, is a truer rendering than Jehovah. The latter has still to the mass of English readers, if not, as according to Matthew Arnold, a mythological sound, yet a foreign, Hebrew one. Many rough expressions also would the American revisers have softened, giving, "when my mother bare me," instead of "when I came out of the belly"; "children of mine own mother," instead of "children of my mother's womb"; and others. Many of those marginal readings also which are approved by the best scholarship as the more probable rendering, they would have inserted in the text, rejecting the old readings entirely, or placing them in the margin.

As in the revised New Testament, the headings of the chapters have been removed, and one can read the Bible without having a comment and interpretation thrust upon him as a part of the original. This is especially gratifying in the prophetic writings and the Song of Solomon, about whose application there is such a diversity of opinion. The division is also into paragraphs according to sense and context, and parts closely united are not chopped asunder by the too often arbitrary divisions of verse and chapter. But most marked and valuable is the arrangement of the chief poetic books according to the laws of Hebrew parallelism. Hebrew poetry, as is well known, depends not on metre or rhyme, but on a balance of thought conveyed by a corresponding balance of sentence; and the effect of Hebrew poetry can be preserved in a translation as that of no other. But to do this most happily, as in the case of all poetry, there must be poetic form. Hence far greater enjoyment will be found in reading Old Testament poetry in the new version than in the old. One gains far more readily the spirit of the original. It is to be regretted that this was not carried further, and that many portions of

the prophets, which are magnificent poems, were not also thus given. In the poetic books will be found also the most noticeable changes. The style of the historical books is simple, and the translation was attended with no great difficulty; that also of the authorized version was generally most excellent. But with the poetic books this was not always so. The book of Job fared especially badly at the hands of the early translators, who for meanings were obliged often to rely upon the Septuagint and Vulgate, and many of their renderings were simple guesses. Hence no portion of the revised version presents more changes than this; they number over one thousand. No book has, in the removal of obscurities, been more improved. For examples of changes see iv. 6; v. 24; vi. 14, 18; vii. 20; ix. 20-22; xii. 5; xiii. 12, 27; xv. 26; xvii. 6; xviii. 13-15; xx. 3, 18; xxi. 17-21; xxii. 20, 29, 30; xxvi. 5, 10; xxviii. 3, 4; xxxi. 31, 34, 35; xxxvi. 32, 33; xxxix. 19, 20; xl. 23, 24; xli. 30.

It has been questioned by many whether this revised version will supplant that of King James. To our mind there is no doubt that in course of time it will. It will be used by all desiring the most accurate version. It will be found on the table of every scholar. Gradually it will make its way among the mass of the people. For this revision of the Old Testament, we are especially thankful. Errors have been corrected, and obscurities removed. The grandeur and sweetness of the Hebrew have been more accurately given; the grandeur and sweetness of the old version have not been impaired. EDWARD L. CURTIS.

THE HUGUENOT EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.*

Perhaps there is no reason why a historical scholar who inherits a great subject should be regarded as less fortunate than the ordinary mortal who inherits a great estate of another kind. The Baird Brothers belong to that select class of happy intelligences whose members are spared the necessity of exhausting their energies in the wear and tear of deciding what literary work they shall undertake. All such troublesome preliminaries appear to have been kindly settled for them by their accomplished father. The Rev. Dr. Robert Baird more than forty years ago placed us under obligation to him by writing his book on "Religion in America"; but he was good enough, perhaps for the sake of the boys, not to exhaust the subject, but to do just enough with it to reveal its vast possibilities, and at the same time to point out the way to his successors. That his lessons were received with profit by his

* HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOT EMIGRATION TO AMERICA. By Charles W. Baird, D.D. Vols. I. and II. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

children was at least plainly intimated when Professor Henry M. Baird made the substantial contribution to historical literature of the first two volumes of the "Rise of the Huguenots in France." And now, from the pen of another son come two handsome, portly volumes on the Huguenots in America, with the promise of several more. The subject is worth writing about, and the volumes are clad in the beauty of scholarship; therefore we bid them welcome.

As just intimated, the volumes here published make up but a part of the work. The author begins with an account of the unsuccessful attempts made by French Protestants to get a foothold in America before the Edict of Nantes. This is followed with a sketch of the efforts of a similar nature put forth while the famous edict was in force. The reader is then taken to France for the purpose of studying the causes and the effects of the Revocation. The dispersion is described, and the second volume is brought to a close with an account of the Huguenots settled in New England.

The manner of treatment, while not without some defects, is on the whole doubtless worthy of high commendation. The book is full of learning that has been brought together from obscure hiding places in various parts of Europe and America. The author has not only compelled the great libraries in France and England to give him their secrets, but he has also enticed into his service a vast number of family papers hitherto unpublished, and for the most part unknown. The Bowdoins and the Reveres, the Faneuils and the Bayards, the Tourgées and the Gillettes, the Coreys and the Duponts, indeed hundreds of our citizens with French names, will here find welcome information in regard to their Huguenotic progenitors. More than this, hundreds also of those bearing English names, who suspect that a slight tinge of French hue has been given to their blood by some ever-so-great grandmother, will here find an array of knowledge that will at least tend to the solution of their doubts. References to the sources of information are even discouragingly numerous; for vast numbers of them point to manuscripts that few eyes will ever have the pleasure of seeing. But the author has been considerate enough to give abundant extracts, and consequently the most important statements rest upon evidence that is made satisfactorily apparent.

The history is very largely a history of individual persons, and therefore can hardly be said to carry the general reader along with any very absorbing interest. The Huguenots were doubtless very interesting as individuals, but they were not especially interesting as a class. Even when they were grouped together in considerable numbers, as at Oxford and at Boston, they appear not to have had any very

striking or original ways of doing things. At least it must be said that their ways hardly contributed anything of especial importance to the development or the retarding of institutions. The colony, wherever a colony was established, gradually faded out of existence as such, and we soon have in the place of a group, simply a number of isolated persons. This, it will be seen, was a characteristic the very opposite of the one that was most noteworthy in the Pilgrim and the Puritan. The early New Englander, perhaps more emphatically than any other creature in the history of the world, was a political being. But even Aris-totle would hardly have applied his famous definition to a Frenchman. He is interesting individually and socially, but he has never shown himself apt in political inventiveness, or even in political enterprise. It is not strange therefore that the Huguenots in America really had no political characteristics that are worthy of note. They were in America simply what, if left undisturbed, they would have been in France: good citizens, whose chief duty it was to obey God and serve the king.

The earliest French Protestants that came to America seem not to have been very thoroughly inspired with a sense of religious obligations. It was in 1555 that Villegagnon, a brave soldier and accomplished naval commander, proposed to Coligny the establishment of a Protestant colony in Brazil. The proposition met with favor, and within a few months two ships and a transport were ready to sail with a considerable company of emigrants. Soon after leaving the port, however, a violent storm drove them back in a very discouraged mood. All but eighty of the large company deserted the ships. The vessels, after the number of passengers had been recruited, at length reached the bay of Rio de Janeiro, and a settlement was begun. But Dr. Baird says that "Villegagnon found it difficult to keep his vicious and refractory followers under control. A conspiracy against his life, in which all but five joined, was discovered barely in time, and the summary punishment of the ringleader struck terror into the minds of the rest." But a conspiracy like that was a trifling aberration in comparison with what happened to the next expedition. In October of 1556 a great meeting was held at Geneva, at which, as Lescarbot relates, the people "gave thanks to God for that they saw the way open to establish their doctrine yonder, and to cause the light of the Gospel to shine forth among those barbarous people, godless, lawless, and without religion." A very considerable company was brought together and put under the patronage of Sieur du Pont, an old neighbor and friend of Coligny. The fleet consisted of three vessels. Just as they were at the point of embarking, a mob burst in upon them, and in the affray that

followed, Captain Dennis, one of their number, was killed. That the Huguenots themselves were not averse to a brisk fight, may be inferred from what followed. In the course of the voyage, which lasted nearly four months, the monotony of life was frequently relieved by an engagement with some Catholic foe. Their religion appears to have been of that robust and militant kind which suffered nothing from an occasional lapse into piracy. Several times in the course of the voyage the appearance of Spanish or Portuguese vessels afforded them the two-fold advantage of teaching a religious lesson to sinful Catholics, and at the same time of securing an abundance of recreation and supplies. Indeed, the whole history of the movement shows that every man regarded every other faith than his own as a heresy which it was the first duty of a Christian in one way or another to stamp out. The conduct of the earliest Huguenots is of course not to be regarded as evidence of exceptional intolerance, but simply as an illustration of the oft-quoted saying of Sir James Mackintosh that in the sixteenth century there was no more thought of tolerating heresy than there was of tolerating murder and arson.

The experiment in Brazil came to a disastrous end; and similar attempts in North America, though generally interrupted by no such turbulent episodes, fared scarcely better. In Florida, in Acadia, in Canada, in New Netherland, and in the Antilles, settlements were attempted, but they were all the victims of a capricious fortune. Their struggles have been described with a painstaking and commendable minuteness by Dr. Baird; but the more one learns of them the more one sees that they had not within them the elements of any substantial success except in a purely personal way.

The part of the volumes that is of most general interest is the portion devoted to the Revocation and the Flight. The common method of escape was by way of England. A Relief Committee was established at London for the purpose of defraying the expenses to America of the poor refugees. The reaching of London was a matter of great ingenuity and often of great peril. The French government seemed almost as desirous of preventing escape as of securing conversion. The agents of the king did not leave one village to go to another until they believed that every Protestant had been either converted or ruined. Houses were pillaged, women were outraged and tortured, men were flogged, and all were dragged to the churches. If Protestants could be persuaded to kneel before an altar or place a hand upon the Bible, they were reported as converted. If not, they were subjected to every conceivable indignity. A contemporary account relates that at Rouen the naked bodies of Huguenots that had refused to renounce their

faith with their last breath, were dragged through the streets and then cast into the public sewer. This was not an unusual severity. The "dragonnades" were successful in securing renunciation or in putting to death or in driving into flight nearly all those who had embraced the reformed doctrines. Men disguised themselves as women in order to escape. One instance is given of a woman's being put into a hogshead and transported to England as freight. François L'Egaré, a progenitor of the eminent scholar, Hugh Swinton Legaré, is reported to have escaped from Lyons in a peasant's dress. At Montpellier, six thousand abjured in one day in order to escape the "dragooning"; but abjuration was often merely a means of facilitating flight. The borders, however, were picketed, and flight, though in many instances successful, was often impossible. Even when the successful fugitives reached London, their troubles were by no means at an end. They were generally brought over to America by contract with some shipping company. Here is a part of a contract described in vol. ii., p. 186:

"Every passenger above the age of six years to have seven pounds of bread every weeke, and to mess eight passengers; and to have two peeces of Porke at two pounds each peece, five days in a weeke, with pease; and two days in a week, to have two four-pound peeces of Beefe a day and peese, or one four-pound peece of Beefe with a Pudding with Peese; and at any time, if it shall happen, that they are not willing the Kettle should be boyled, or by bad weather cannot, in such case every passenger shall have one pound of cheese every such day; and such children as are under six years of age, to have such allowance in flower, oat-meal, Fruit, Sugar, and butter, as the overseers of them shall judge convenient."

Their fortune was indeed a discouraging one, for, even when they had arrived in America, they were not free from that interference which was always the fatal characteristic of the relations of France with her colonists in the new world. Only a few months after the Revocation, orders came to the Governor-General at Martinique to take measures without delay for the extirpation of heresy in the western continent. The King expressed the hope that his colonial subjects would readily follow the example of so many of his subjects in France, and renounce their errors. It was doubtless owing to this fact that the Huguenots generally distributed themselves among the other colonists, and in this way escaped the persecution that otherwise would inevitably have followed. After Louis XIV. abjured all statesmanship and betook himself to his Maintenon and his missal, the only hope of the Huguenots was in allowing themselves to be lost sight of in the more or less promiscuous population of America. It was thus only by losing their lives that they were able to save them.

CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

The new poetry of the season includes several books of considerable importance, but Mr. Swinburne's volume easily takes precedence of all the rest. When we reflect that back of this new volume there lie a score of others, and that the poet is still comparatively young, we cannot fail to be forcibly impressed with the vigor of his genius; and an examination of the work will produce an equally marked impression of the freshness of his inspiration. It is true that he tells us little that he has not told us before, but in his treatment of the subjects which he has made so peculiarly his own, he exhibits a fertility of resource which redeems such a collection as this from the charge of being altogether repetition—although it includes an ode to Victor Hugo and another to Mazzini, poems of childhood and poems of the sea, sonnets upon current political events and pages of rhymed invective. The variety which the volume offers is thus seen to be considerable. In the first place, we have the collection of studies called "A Midsummer Holiday," from which the volume takes its name. These are poems suggested by certain typical phases of English landscape, having just enough of description to account for the emotional burden which is carried by each of them. The metre is varied, but the form is that of the ballad of three stanzas and an envoy. Very beautiful, for example, is such a passage as this:

"Along these low-pleached lanes on such a day,
So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad wild way,
And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
And smile that warmed the world with benison,
Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,
Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime
Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came,
Because thy passage once made warm this clime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name."

* A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: R. Worthington.

THE POEMS OF WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. Two volumes in one. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE. By Austin Dobson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE SECRET OF DEATH, AND OTHER POEMS. By Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

POEMS OF THE OLD DAYS AND THE NEW. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

GLENAVERIL; OR, THE METAMORPHOSES. A Poem in Six Books. By the Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ROMER, KING OF NORWAY, AND OTHER DRAMAS. By Adair Welcker. Sacramento, Cal.

CAMP-FIRE, MEMORIAL-DAY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

THE CONFESSIONS OF HERMES. By Paul Hermes. Philadelphia: David McKay.

LA CHANSON DE ROLAND. Translated by Léonce Rabilion. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MIRËIO. A PROVENÇAL POEM. By Frédéric Mistral. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

SELECTED POEMS FROM MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI. With Translations from Various Sources. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

And this is but one of many to be found in the nine studies here grouped together. Of the commemorative poetry of the volume, the two odes already mentioned are the most important examples. That to Victor Hugo is a New Year's song, and celebrates the completion of the "Légende des Siècles." Mr. Swinburne begins the ode with a suggestion of personal reminiscence:

"Twice twelve times have the springs of years refilled
Their fountains from the river-head of time,
Since by the green sea's marge, ere autumn chilled
Waters and woods with sense of changing clime,
A great light rose upon my soul, and thrilled
My spirit of sense with sense of spheres in chime,
Sound as of song wherewith a God would build
Towers that no force of conquering war might climb."

And this last of the many tributes which Mr. Swinburne has brought to the supreme poet of our age comes to an end with the following noble strain:

"Life, everlasting while the worlds endure,
Death, self-abased before a power more high,
Shall bear one witness, and their word stand sure,
That not till time be dead shall this man die.
Love, like a bird, comes loyal to his lure;
Fame flies before him, wingless else to fly.
A child's heart toward his kind is not more pure,
An eagle's toward the sun no lordlier eye."

The poem is furnished with notes which explain the allusions, but their value is not very obvious, for the reader already familiar with "The legend writ of ages" will have no use for them, and the one who is not will be made none the wiser by their study. But the most truly faultless piece of work in this volume is the one dedicated to Mazzini. These simple lines go more directly to the heart than all the ingenious complexity of praise bestowed upon the august French poet; and we feel that they are not unworthy even of the stainless soul to whose memory they are inscribed. The closing stanzas of this exquisite poem are here given:

"Life and the clouds are vanished. Hate and fear
Have had their span
Of time to hurt, and are not. He is here,
The sun-like man.

"City superb that hadst Columbus first
For sovereign son,
Be prouder that thy breast hath later nursed
This mightier one.

"Earth shows to heaven the names by thousands told
That crown her fame,
But highest of all that heaven and earth behold,
Mazzini's name."

Did space permit, it would be pleasant to reproduce the entire poem, and also to illustrate the series of three noble sonnets to the memory of Louis Blanc. But we must pass on to a very different kind of song from this, and listen to the voice of the republican poet as he chants the "Conservative Journalist's Anthem." This really superb series of sonnets was evoked by a memorable utterance of "The Saturday Review" at the time when Tennyson's elevation (or degradation) to the peerage was being generally discussed. In the columns of that stanch defender of old-time superstitions, there then appeared this amazing utter-

ance: "As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived—not Cesar or Pericles, not Shakespeare or Michael Angelo—could confer honor more than he took on entering the House of Lords." The first of Mr. Swinburne's three sonnets is as follows:

"O Lords our Gods, beneficent, sublime,
In the evening, and before the morning flames,
We praise, we bless, we magnify your names.
The slave is he that serves not, his the crime
And shame, who hails not as the crown of Time
That House wherein the all-envious world acclaims
Such glory that the reflex of it shames
All crowns bestowed of men for prose or rhyme.
The serf, the cur, the sycophant, is he
Who feels no cringing motion twitch his knee
When from a height too high for Shakespeare nods
The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown.
Stoop, Chaucer, stoop; Keats, Shelley, Burns, bow down;
These have no part with you, O Lords our Gods."

It would be difficult to match the irony of these sonnets anywhere in English literature, and perhaps impossible to match their combination of irony with lofty poetic utterance. There are in this collection several other poems inspired by political passion, but in which irony gives way to stern denunciation. Such a strain as this, for example, is anything but conciliatory:

"Not in spite but in right of dishonor
There are actors who trample your boards
Till the earth that endures you upon her
Grows weary to bear you, my lords."

And this is equally uncompromising:

"They are worthy to reign on their brothers,
To condemn them as clods and as carles,
Who are graces by grace of such mothers
As brightened the bed of King Charles."

It is perhaps safe to assert that upon the death of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne will not be made Poet Laureate. But the republic, which has been as a splendid vision ever before his eyes, and of the glory of whose appearance he has sung his "Songs Before Sunrise," will bestow upon him a higher crown than was ever worn by a court poet, and his memory will be held imperishable by all who love justice and truth and freedom and the glory of supernal song.

In several conspicuous instances, the works of distinguished English writers have found general favor in America before their merits have received adequate recognition at home. One of these cases is that of the poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed (1802-1839), of which three distinct editions were published in this country before they were first collected in England by the family of the poet after his death. The standard edition of the poems then prepared and provided with a memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge is now reproduced in this country in a handsome volume, which should be promptly added to every collection of the "British Poets." Once there, we venture to assert that it will be more frequently read than the majority of the tomes admitted to that select circle, and that the sprightly muse

of Praed will eclipse her more dignified sisters who preside over the productions of many a "standard" author of the second and third class. There is far too much of this poetry for all of it to be good, but the best of it is well worth keeping. Every one knows "The Belle of the Ball-room"—that classic among *vers de société*—and every collection of this sort of verse contains numerous other equally good pieces by Praed. Mr. Locker, who is an authority upon this subject, is constant in his praises of this writer, who was one of the earliest and one of the best writers of a species of verse which the lighter fancy of this century has made peculiarly its own. For lightness of touch, pointed and epigrammatic brilliancy, and delicate suggestion of pathos, he has hardly been improved upon by Thackeray or Holmes, by Locker or by Dobson. Perhaps he has done the best that it is possible to do without exceeding the limitations naturally imposed upon this kind of metrical composition.

The latest and best of Praed's successors has prepared a second collection of poems for the American public, and has bestowed upon it as title "At the Sign of the Lyre." The publishers have provided it with the conspicuously unpleasant exterior which made the "Vignettes in Rhyme" so painful a contrast to the "Old World Idylls," of which that volume is nearly a reprint; but we should be glad to get a new volume by Austin Dobson in any form, and may fairly give it a most cordial welcome, in which, however, those who are responsible for its appearance can have no part. It would exceed the truth to say that this volume is as precious a gift as the first one was. It contains much that we should not greatly miss, but, on the other hand, it contains much that is fully worthy of the author. There are two dramatic sketches here, but they are far from being equal to the "Proverbs in Porcelain" of the earlier volume. The pieces which are more strictly *vers de société* are of exceptionally fine quality, as are also those numerous poems which are redolent with eighteenth century fragrance. "Incognito" and "Premiers Amours," as illustrative of the verse of this class, are all that could be desired. The "Fables of Literature and Art," the "Old French Forms," and the "Carmina Votiva" contain also many gems; but, delightful as all this is, Mr. Dobson is best when he is most serious, or at least when rather more serious than anything else. There is nothing in this collection more essentially poetic than the fine sonnet on "Don Quixote":

"Behind thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,
Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,
Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe
And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back
Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack!
To make Wisdom, both high and low,

Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go)
 Dispatch its Dogberries upon thy track:
 Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possessed!
 Yet would to-day when Courtesy grows chill
 And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
 Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
 Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest,
 And charge in earnest—were it but a mill!"

The poems called "Palomydes" and "André le Chapelain" belong also to the entirely serious work which may be found here. The latter of these two poems, which is a "plaint to Venus of the coming years," is a song placed upon the lips of a "clerk of love," and is a thing of exquisite beauty. This beauty, however, it is impossible to adequately illustrate by anything less than the entire poem, which is too long for insertion here. Coming now to that happy combination of jest and earnest at which Mr. Dobson is an adept, we find among the "Tales in Rhyme" an inimitable piece called "A Story from a Dictionary." The dictionary is Bayle's, and the story one of a Greek girl of noble family who fell in love with a philosopher. Now this philosopher was not regarded as an unexceptionable match by Athenian society, and the friends of the maiden used every means to persuade her of the folly of the attachment. At last they hit upon the rash expedient of getting the man himself to talk with the girl and seek to convince her of the unreasonableness of her conduct. The philosopher appeared, and set bravely about his task:

"Began at once her sentiments to tame,
 Working discreetly to the point debated
 By steps rhetorical I spare to name;
 In other words,—he broke the matter gently.
 Meanwhile the lady looked at him intently."

This steadfast gaze proved very disconcerting to the philosopher, who found that his philosophy was not fitted to the emergency, and made so sad a failure of the argument that it ended in hopeless confusion; finding himself all at once "conscious of nothing but a sudden yearning."

"Therefore he changed his tone, flung down his wallet,
 Described his lot, how pitiable and poor;
 The hut of mud—the miserable pallet,—
 The alms solicited from door to door;
 The scanty fare of bitter bread and sallet,—
 Could she this shame,—this poverty endure?
 I scarcely think he knew what he was doing,
 But that last line had quite a touch of wooing."

"And so she answered him,—those early Greeks
 Took little care to keep concealment preying
 At any length upon their damask cheeks,—
 She answered him by very simply saying,
 She would and could,—and said it as one speaks
 Who takes no course without much careful weighing;
 Was this, perchance, the answer that he hoped?
 It might or might not be. But they eloped."

"Sought the free pine-wood and the larger air,—
 The leafy sanctuaries, remote and inner,
 Where the great heart of nature, beating bare,
 Receives benignantly both saint and sinner;—
 Leaving propriety to gasp and stare,
 And shake its head, like Burleigh, after dinner,
 From pure incompetence to mar or mend them:
 They fled and wed;—though, mind, I don't defend them."

"I don't defend them. 'Twas a serious act,
 No doubt too much determined by the senses;
 (Alas! when these affinities attract,
 We lose the future in the present tenses!)
 Besides, the least establishment's a fact
 Involving nice adjustment of expenses;
 Moreover, too, reflection should reveal
 That not remote contingent—*la famille*."

"Yet these, maybe, were happy in their lot.
 Milton has said (and surely Milton knows)
 That after all, philosophy is 'not,—
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose';
 And some, no doubt, for love's sake have forgot
 Much that is needful in this world of prose;—
 Perchance 'twas so with these. But who shall say?
 Time has long since swept them and theirs away."

We have quoted from this story at some length, because it is an exceedingly typical example of the author's work. The quality of playful seriousness which this poem displays is the *cachet* of Mr. Dobson's genius.

Mr. Edwin Arnold's new volume has no very great value. It is a collection of miscellaneous and occasional poems upon a variety of subjects, together with some translations. There is one theme, and one alone, which can make a poet of Mr. Arnold; with all others he is little more than a versifier. Consequently, we find that the two Buddhist poems in this volume are the only ones which show real inspiration. The first of these, "The Secret of Death," gives a title to the collection, and is a transcription from the "Katha Upanishad." It contains too many passages of Sanskrit to be the smoothest sort of reading for persons who are not oriental scholars, but the heartiest thanks of all lovers of literature are due to Mr. Arnold for whatever of oriental thought he may see fit to interpret for them. The great religions of the East have found few such interpreters as he, perhaps none other at once so scholarly and so sympathetic; and our debt for this is incalculably great. "A Discourse of Buddha" is the other of the two poems referred to, and is little more than an echo of the discourse in the eighth book of the "Light of Asia."

"Good is it helping kindred! good to dwell
 Blameless and just to all;
 Good to give alms with good-will in the heart,
 Albeit the store be small!"

"Good to speak sweet and gentle words, to be
 Merciful, patient, mild;
 To hear the Law, and keep it, leading days
 Innocent, undefiled."

"These be chief goods—for evil by its like
 Ends not, nor hate by hate:
 By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill;
 By knowledge life's sad state."

This is good, but it has been said before and better said. The most important of the translations in this volume are "The Epic of the Lion," from Victor Hugo, and the "Nencia" of Lorenzo de' Medici. As for the remaining poems, the difference is very marked between them and all that portion of Mr. Arnold's work which is inspired by the teachings of Gautama. Omitting three or four pieces, the volume would hardly attract attention.

Wordsworth has told us, in the language of maturity, how the world looks to a child. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has now done for us something which is perhaps still more difficult: he has told the same story in the language of childhood itself, and with the associations and the imagery natural to very tender years. Of course it is an ideal sort of child whom we must imagine as writing "A Child's Garden of Verses," but we may find in the work itself just that quaintness and that freshness which, with touches of an unconscious wisdom whose conscious expression would be far beyond their years, constitutes the charm of intercourse with children, and makes of childhood a never-ending revelation to the wisest of us. Like all the rest of Mr. Stevenson's work, these verses are delightful reading for either young or old. What could be more philosophical than these reflections of a child upon "The Gardener"?

"The gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

"Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

"He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

"Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

"Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me."

And what could be more delicious than these verses on "Foreign Children"?

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanese,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

"You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

"Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

"You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanese,
O! don't you wish that you were me?"

Everything that Mr. Stevenson writes is a surprise of some sort. He seems to have an inexhaustible fund of joyous invention upon which to draw, and his style, whether it take the form of verse or prose, is always delightful in its chaste simplicity.

There are many readers to whom a new volume of the poems of Jean Ingelow will be very welcome. That estimable Englishwoman has an assured place among the poets of the household, whatever may be her place upon Parnassus; and these "Poems of the Old Days and the New" are likely to have a host of readers. We wish it were possible to say more of them in the way of absolute praise. Thoroughly honest as they are in their workmanship, sincere in their expression, and bringing in their suggestion many beautiful associations, yet we are not greatly inclined to linger over them. The volume contains several long narrative poems, in which the subjective element is very strongly marked, and of which the first, with the title of "Rosamund," is perhaps the best—although there are portions of "The Sleep of Sigismund" which have a striking and quite peculiar beauty. The remaining pieces are numerous, written upon a variety of subjects, and expressive of equally varied moods.

The new metrical composition of the late "vice-empress" of India is published in monthly parts, presumably out of consideration for its possible readers. It is based upon no less a model than "Don Juan," and falls no less short of that model than any other production of its noble author falls short of whatever it may imitate. The story is made comparatively simple, to allow space for the miscellaneous wisdom of which it is intended to be the vehicle. Two children, born at the same time, are changed by the mistake of a nurse. One is heir to an English peerage, and the other to the lot of a German village priest. The complications caused by this mistake and its final discovery are the subject matter of "Glenaveril." As far as any leading idea is inculcated by the tale, it is that of the persistence of hereditary character, as the author tells us in an early stanza which, if not exactly pilfered, would hardly have been written were it not for one of similar purport by Goethe. As verse, the work is very easily disposed of. No one would ever suspect that such a passage as the following was intended for poetry: "The announcement of this project much delighted that aged maiden. That the heir of wide domains and ancient titles, uninvited, should come from his own country to abide in Stuttgart for his nephew's sake, excited and flattered greatly her plebeian pride." And yet it is written in a rather complex and artificial metrical form. There is nowhere in the portion of the work thus far published any approach to poetry—not even to the poetry of "Lucille" and "The Wanderer." Political caricature is made prominent in these earlier cantos, and upon this the author evidently counts for his main effect. Speaking of Gladstone he says:

"The name
Of a once glorious and magnanimous nation,
To him entrusted, hath been bathed in blame,
And made the by-word of humiliation
Still to prolong his shameless shameful hour
Of personally comfortable power.

"Loosed, o'er a land betrayed, hath treason been,
To run, unreined, its sanguinary course;
Victims the noblest, to appease obscene
And senseless idols, slain without remorse;
And all the while, with self-admiring mien,
And throat with self-congratulation hoarse,
Soaked in his country's blood, yet blushing never,
He boasts, and bawls, and babbles on forever."

There may be tastes to which such matter as this is pleasing, and, if such there indeed be, the Earl of Lytton must look to them for sympathy and admiration: readers of refined instincts will find in it little with which to sympathize and nothing to admire.

Such a work as the foregoing makes less difficult and less abrupt the transition to "Romer, King of Norway, and Other Dramas," a book which hails from Sacramento, and which is composed by a person called Adair Welcker. Mrs. Julia Moore and Mr. J. Dunbar Hylton have now a worthy rival, and Michigan and New Jersey must look to their laurels lest California bear them away. In a preface, which is quite as interesting as any other portion of the contents, the writer very neatly disarms the critic, first, by saying that "the hour is past when I could have been affected by the world's censure or its blame," and then by informing him that these dramas, "by a strange unanimity of opinion, have been pronounced to be of the same material as the writings of the greatest of dramatists." This preface, he further relates, "is written for the benefit of that large portion of mankind who are led by the nose in making their judgments; and for those who, upon reading this remark, will swear that they are not to be so led." We should be very soon led, if not by the nose, at least by the ear, to a judgment concerning these compositions, were we to attend to metrical considerations or similar trifling technicalities. But our writer insists upon being Shakespearian or nothing, so that he must be judged by his own standard. We soon find what is evidently intended to be a Shakespearian passage. It is in "The Bitter End," the first piece in the volume, but which by its title should certainly be the last. A young woman is out at night in a snowstorm, and makes the following remarks:

"How! how! how! ye chilly winter winds!
Tear off this poor, weak flesh of mine!
And you,
Cold, cruel winter, bring still your vast hordes on
Of snowflakes, armed with a shield of white,
That pierce me with their lance of chilliness."

We do not know that even Shakespere would have ventured quite as far as this. And Mr. Welcker has pathos as well as metaphor at his command, for in the same piece we have this touching account of a child's death:

"A soothing sleep at last drove off his pain,
And while he slept, all stood around his bed
With anxious faces, waiting till he waked.
And then he oped his eyes, and smiled on us,
And asked that we would raise him up, and then
He sang a hymn, and said good-bye, and died."

What a good little boy he must have been! One more extract will suffice, and this time we will take the writer in a lyric mood. The song occurs in the piece which gives a title to the volume.

"The night came on, the wild wind roared,
My sweet love went to sea;
But the greedy sharks, they ate up him,
And he never came back to me."

"These works are placed in book form," to recur to the preface, "in order that the people of a future age may have the opportunity to open their mouths with wonder, at the utterances of a very ordinary dead man." While we have no doubt that future ages will do all this if they ever come across "Romer, King of Norway," our own age ought to be permitted to share in the wonderment while the utterances are still those of a very lively, and, in spite of his modesty, extraordinary man. We have ventured to introduce these works to the public in the hope that we may be numbered among "the few in this age who are too great for prejudice," for which few, the author informs us, the works have been written.

We have had war poetry before, and in profusion, but we do not often nowadays get a whole volume, or nearly a whole one, by the same writer. That, however, is what is offered us by Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood in her collection of "Camp-Fire, Memorial-Day, and Other Poems." These pieces are very largely occasional, and those which may be thus characterized are of decidedly better quality than the average of occasional verse. Others are spirited narratives of, for the most part, personal incidents of the war; while a few, these being rather the best, are of a more general character. Here is at least no lack of patriotism, and there goes with it enough of fine feeling and power of expression to make the collection very creditable. The closing poem of all is a sort of retrospect, and of this the final stanzas may be given in illustration of the quality of the volume:

"O comrades, hand in hand upon the headland heights
of Maine—
The State that never lost a flag, that never charged in
vain—
What see you on the Westward line? What see you at
the South,
Where June is wreathing roses within the cannon's
mouth?
What see you there at Gettysburg? The brooding wings
of love,
The violets a-blowing the Blue and Gray above!
Span mountain unto mountain, link vale to vale, and lo,
It is the Arch of Peace we fashioned twenty years ago!
"O nation great, State linked to State in bonds that none
can break,
From Ocean unto Ocean, from Gulf to Northern lake!

State linked to State, fate linked to fate, in mart and mint
and mine,
In rolling plain of golden grain, in toss of plummy pine!
State linked to State in goodly fate that sounds the swift
advance,

Where banners that have wooed the world before our
legions dance!

This is the dream that crowns our years; and when our
heads are low,

Float out, float on, O Union flag, as twenty years ago!"

But better than these verses inspired by martial themes are the few miscellaneous pieces which complete the volume. There is something perfunctory in the best of the other work; but here, where a freer flight is taken, there is struck a truer lyric note. Such poems as "Marguerite," "Wood Violets," and "What Do the Roses Say?" are simply delicious. Here is a bit of one of them in illustration:

"Violets, my violets,
There was once a child that flew
Through the depths of field and forest,
Searching patiently for you;
And that child who now so wearies
Of the fairest thing that grows,
Once grew wild with rapture finding
But a single woodland rose."

The last of the three poems just mentioned we should like to quote in full did space permit. It is the gem of the volume. Certainly there are parts of this book which will pleasantly surprise those who may have the patience to look through it a little carefully—something which cannot always be said of new books of verse by unknown writers.

In "The Confessions of Hermes, and Other Poems," by Paul Hermes, we have a collection of thoughtful and earnest verses written in a spirit which is worthy of all praise, whatever the shortcomings of the execution. There is a fine introduction, in which we may learn how serious is the purpose of the writer, and how lofty his conception of the poetic mission. "Should this volume reproduce," he says, "even faintly, the poet's profound sense of the mystery and pathos and earnestness of life, and his conviction—growing ever stronger—that the realization of Beauty and Happiness waits upon loyalty to Duty, he will feel justified in having offered it to the world. But though he fail in this, his faith will still abide unshaken, that stronger and worthier lips will try to utter more distinctly the unutterable Truth. This striving for utterance is Poetry, for which, consciously or unconsciously, mankind will listen whilst the earth remains." To the verse itself, very much is lacking. In the very first piece, which is supposed to be blank verse, we come upon such lines as these:

"Thoughts and things, into pet phrase condensed."

"Unrest and incompleteness unawared he feels."

"Who counts possession sacrilege."

And the construction of the entire work gives no indication that the author has any conception of what blank verse is. Why is it that every beginner as a versifier promptly attempts

the most difficult of all metrical forms—the only form which requires genius for its use, and in which talent counts for absolutely nothing? In some of the shorter and more lyric measures, the writer is happier, although his book contains nothing that is satisfying in any high sense, except the preface already quoted from. Were we to call special attention to anything, it would be to such pieces as those called "Fame" and "The Musician's Story."

A new translation of the "Chanson de Roland" is a welcome addition to the store of foreign literary masterpieces put into English. It is the work of Léonce Rabillon, French Lecturer at the Johns Hopkins University, and is both a scholarly and a spirited reproduction of the great French epic. The text of the Oxford manuscript, according to Leon Gautier, has been followed in this translation, in which not only has the old orthography of proper names as well as their accents been preserved, but also much of the quality of the original poem. As that original is not the easiest reading even for the student of modern French, this version is a highly acceptable means of making the acquaintance of a noble work of human genius, and many who would doubtless leave the original unread will be led to peruse the present translation. It consists of some four thousand lines of blank verse, and is contained in a small volume of about two hundred pages. We learn from the preface that this is the twenty-first translation thus far made, including those into modern French, of this famous epic.

We will conclude our article with mention of two publications which, although not new as to material, will be welcomed by all lovers of poetry. The first of these is a reissue, in cheaper form than before, of Mrs. Preston's translation of "Mirèio"; and it is to be hoped that the beautiful Provençal poem will find, in this delightful version and convenient shape, a host of new readers. Perhaps the recent performances of Gounod's "Mirella" in this country will have made many desirous of knowing the poem upon which that exquisite composition is based; and if so, the desire is one which may now be easily gratified. The other publication of the two to which reference has above been made is, in a sense, an original work, and as such may be given a more extended notice. It is a selection from the poems of Michelangelo, the original text on one page being faced by what, in the judgment of the editor, is the best of its English translations. It is not alone the beginner in Italian who may be aided by such a work as this, for Michelangelo is very hard reading. There is probably no other modern language in which the poetry is so much more difficult than the prose as it is in Italian; and among

Italian poets, Michelangelo does not yield in difficulty to Petrarca or even Dante, so that a great deal of puzzling may be saved by having an English translation to refer to. The work is edited by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, and it has evidently been to her a labor of love. The text is the recent one of Guasti, which has many surprises in store for those familiar with the garbled and perverted text which was the only one current up to the appearance of Guasti's edition. That imperfect text we owe to a grand-nephew of the artist who "thought his duty required him to make the poems acceptable to a newer and enlightened age." He "restored" them, in fact, "filling up gaps in the verses, adding others, softening harsh expressions, and omitting many strong peculiarities." All the earlier English translators—Wordsworth, Harford, and Taylor—had only the garbled text to work with, and so in this volume their versions as set opposite the real text of the originals present more discrepancies than are to be attributed to the license of translation alone. To take a familiar example, one of the best known of all the sonnets is that which begins in Wordsworth's translation:

"Rapt above earth by power of one fair face,"
and in still another familiar translation—
"The might of one fair face sublimed my love."

Most readers of Italian know it as beginning thus:

"La forza d'un bel volto al ciel mi sprona,"
but in this new and more accurate text we find:

"La forza d'un bel viso a che mi sprona?"
—quite a difference; and we find, moreover, that the sonnet is really but a fragment, only the octave being genuine, so that the last six lines in the English versions really represent nothing that Michelangelo ever wrote. In this book are given forty of the sonnets, about half as many madrigals, and a few other poems, such as the familiar verses on the figure of Night in the chapel of San Lorenzo, and some of the epitaphs written for Cecchino Bracci. The translations are mostly furnished by Harford, Taylor, and Symonds; the names of Wordsworth, Southey and Hazlitt appear occasionally in the list, and there are quite a number of new translations, of which not the least noticeable are those by the editor herself, who attacks some of the most difficult pieces of all—the two mighty sonnets upon Dante, for example. But what can one of alien speech hope to do with such glorious poetry as the "Dal ciel discese," or the "Quante dirne si de' non si può dire," with which the four-souled genius of Christian art gives greeting across the lapse of centuries to the one spirit found in all past Christian ages coequal with his own? And the old lesson of the impossibility of poetical translation is again enforced.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

RUSSIA.—TZAR AND NIHILIST.*

The two new books on Russia, whose titles are given below, claim to proceed from a special knowledge of the subject, and to supply information never before given to the non-Russian public. Both books are timely, but their value is far from equal.

Stepniak ("son of the steppes") is a pseudonym. Two years ago, the same writer's "Underground Russia" was described as "a voice out of darkness." Darkness still shrouds his mysterious personality. Further than that he is a proscribed Russian journalist, once editor of the revolutionary *Zemlia i Volia* ("Land and Liberty"), and now dates a preface to his American readers from London, nothing seems to be known of him except through his books. The present volume is an endeavor to show how Russia came to be what she now is under the Tzars, what her present condition really is, and what may be expected. It is divided into three parts, with about ten chapters in each. Stepniak begins by remarking on the common assumption that the rise and firm establishment of the Russian autocracy is a proof of extreme servility in the masses of the people; he admits that the external facts confirm this belief: "The tillers of the soil, who form the bulk of the Russian nation, still profess devotion to an ideal Tzar." But Stepniak holds that the essential reality is the reverse of this:

"On the contrary, all their habits and tendencies, as revealed in their history, show them to possess a decided bent for freedom and strong aptitudes for self-government, wherein the vast majority of the nation are trained from childhood, and which, whenever they have the opportunity, Russian people spontaneously practise. If the peasants were left to themselves, and free to realize their strange ideals, they would tell the White Tzar to remain on the throne, but they would send to the right about, and probably massacre, every governor, policeman, and *tehinovnik* in the land, and set up a series of democratic republics."

Here comes into view the great and puzzling anomaly of the Russian system of government—a despotism more rigid than civilization elsewhere knows, resting on a basis of local self-government more primitive even than the Swiss cantons, and almost as absolute. This is the *mir*, or village community, made so familiar to the Western world by the researches of recent years in the field of institutional history. Stepniak's sketch of this Slav town-meeting, and of the now extinct *vetche*, or provincial assembly, has the vivid reality of personal

*RUSSIA UNDER THE TZARS. By Stepniak, author of "Underground Russia." Rendered into English by William Westall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLT. By Edmund Noble. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

knowledge. One point is highly suggestive. In the *mir*, says Stepniak, "Voting is unknown. Every question must be settled unanimously;" and his view seems to be that this is a higher conception of government than decision by a majority. Surely it is not, but rather a cause of the unprogressive and stationary character of *mir* legislation. The Iroquois confederacy had the same fatal defect. A high state of civilization may guard the rights of minorities; but civilization comes, and grows, through the will of the majority. Progress is never unanimous.

The recognition of this fundamental anomaly, an utter chasm long existing between the two elements of the Russian empire—rudimentary republics on the one hand and bureaucratic despotism on the other—is the key-note of the book. By what means Tzarism has superimposed itself upon the *mir*, and grown into autocracy, the two remaining completely alien, we are shown in several graphic chapters:

"This contrast, so palpable and portentous, having endured for centuries, has produced, as its inevitable consequence, a phenomenon of great importance—that strongly marked tendency of the Russian people to hold themselves aloof from the State, which is one of their most significant characteristics. On the one hand, the peasant saw before him his *mir*, the embodiment of justice and brotherly love; on the other, official Russia, represented by the *tschinniks* of the Tzar, his magistrates, gendarmes, and administrators—through all the centuries of our history the embodiment of rapacity, venality, and violence. * * *

From the very dawn of our national history the Russian peasant has shunned intercourse with the Russia of the *tschinniks*. The two have never mingled, a fact which explains why the political evolutions of ages have made so little impression on the habits of our toiling millions. It is no exaggeration to say that the lives of the bulk of the nation and of its upper classes have flowed in two contiguous yet separate and distinct streams. * * *

But what is, then, their monarchism, their devotion to the Tzar, of which so much is said? The monarchism of Russian peasants is a conception which has exclusive reference to the State in its entirety, the whole body politic."

The result of this view of things is that Stepniak presents the struggle in Russia as a state of warfare—the Government against the Nation. This at once explains all the frightful phases of police espionage and cruelty which fill the middle of the book:

"Russia is in a condition of internal warfare, and the police, being the right arm of one of the belligerent parties, does not protect, it fights. Wherever the enemy is they must be ready to attack him; any place where he is supposed to be they must beset. An officer of police who hesitates to make a search without sufficient cause, or an arrest without a warrant, would be looked upon as not worth his salt, an idler who wanted to receive fat pay without giving anything in return. A member of the force who desires to win promotion or even to keep his place can-

not afford to be scrupulous. * * * For never yet has it happened for an officer of police to be punished for making a search on insufficient grounds. I doubt if for this cause a reprimand has ever been given, and it is quite certain that the men who have the fewest scruples are the most rapidly advanced."

The details of this internecine conflict are thoroughly explored. There are passages of genuine eloquence, which make themselves felt even through the rather wooden translation and in spite of reckless typography. The reader is the more impressed because of the judicial calm and restraint everywhere felt. Stepniak's protest against wrong never degenerates into a shriek. He never scolds; and rarely pauses to lament, even at the recollection of "that ocean of sadness which Russia now presents to us." Told in this way, the story has wonderful power, and may well realize the hope of the writer that it will "contribute its part in inducing the public opinion of the great American nation to unite its powerful voice in favor of Russian liberty, and in condemnation of the Tzarism."

As in his former book, Stepniak makes three periods of Nihilism, viz., Nihilism proper, 1860-70; the Revolutionary movement, 1870-8; and from 1878 onwards, the Terrorist period, of the dagger, mines, and dynamite. His personal sympathies appear to be with the ideas of the second period. He commemorates its martyrs with tender reverence. He calls them—

"The peaceful workers of the early dawn, the flower of the noble generation of 1870, the first that was bred and grew up in a Russia free from the stain of slavery; a generation which from the sorrowful past, pusillanimous and decrepit, inherited but a great yearning and pity for a suffering people, oppressed during centuries, and which brought to the fatherland an amount of eager devotion, a beautiful ardor, unmatched probably in any other age or country."

And again, speaking of a "destroyed generation":

"The despotism of Nicolas crushed full-grown men. The despotism of the two Alexanders did not give them time to grow up. They threw themselves on immature generations, on the grass hardly out of the ground, to devour it in all its tenderness. * * *

The new generation produces nothing, absolutely nothing. Despotism has stricken with sterility the high hopes to which the splendid awakening of the first half of the century gave birth. * * *

The living forces of later generations have been buried by the Government in Siberian snows and Esquimaux villages. * * * It is not a political party whom they crush, it is a nation of a hundred million whom they stifle. This is what is done in Russia under the Tsars; this is the price at which the Government buys its miserable existence."

Siberian exile is not the worst fate that threatens the Russian liberator. Stepniak describes how, after trial and sentence, the pris-

oner's kinsfolk and friends "move heaven and earth to obtain for him the unspeakable favor of being sent to Siberia," rather than to the awful dens of the Central Prison at Novo Belgorod; the absolute hopelessness of the Schlüsselburg, where impenetrable secrecy, entrenched on a sea-girt rock, will swallow him up forever; or, foulest fate of all, the loathsome living death that awaits the poor victim in the Troubetzkoi Ravelin of the Fortress of Peter and Paul, with its sunless cells under the level of the Neva, where two or three years rarely fail to bring the strongest to death or madness.

And the most dreadful instrument of the autocracy is not its police and its tribunals, utterly perverted from their ostensible function of protection as these are. It is Administrative Exile, to which a third of the book is given. The theory of the process is tersely summed up in one of the chapter headings: "Innocent, therefore punished." It is a process of seizing any person who has been acquitted, or against whom it is impossible for even the police to find enough evidence to warrant a trial, and disposing of that person in whatever way the officials choose, in the exercise of "administrative discretion." A few figures will indicate the use made of this power. In the two reigns of Alexander II. and III., to the end of 1884—thirty years in all—there have been 841 sentences by a tribunal for political offences, a sentence, however, often including several persons. But in two years of the late Tzar's reign, 2,602 were exiled by administrative decree, sometimes never knowing the reason of their fate; and since 1879 the number has rapidly increased, so that in the first half of 1883 more than 8,000 such arrests are known to have been made, almost invariably followed by exile or imprisonment.

What has Stepniak to say of the future of his "unhappy Russia"? His last chapter, "Russia and Europe," deals suggestively with this question. He thinks the revolt is now passing out of the Terrorist into the "insurrectional phase." But his hope of a successful revolution is small:

"No country had ever to sustain so hard a struggle for its political liberty as Russia of to-day. * * * The worst is, that in other countries the struggle for liberty was over some time ago, when civilization had not yet put at the disposition of Government those material advantages of perfected weapons and surprisingly quick communications—advantages which are all in favor of the Government and which would have rendered utterly impossible or fruitless many a brilliant insurrection, many a splendid campaign of the heroes of liberty."

His hope is based largely on the force of public opinion—not the public opinion of Russia, but of the world alongside of Russia. For Europe, he argues, the state of Russia

"is no longer a question of humanity only, but of general safety and common interest. However badly administered, however ruined, it is too enormous a body not to endanger by its presence other political bodies which surround. * * * To have such a State for a neighbor is nearly as unpleasant as to sit by an unfettered madman at an evening party. Nobody can answer for what he will do the very next moment. Now, when I am writing, an absurd, useless, bloody Afghan war is perhaps at hand. No Russian parliament would have answered the proposition otherwise than with laughter. It is a well-known device of despots to get rid of a burning internal question. If it pass over now, who may answer for to-morrow, when the need of such a diversion may be more stringent, or the ambition of some bloodthirsty soldiers more prevailing? Only the destruction of Russian autocracy will keep Russia in certainty of peace, and yet rid Europe from the external danger. That is a consideration on which it is superfluous to insist."

Altogether, this is a notable book, strong in the freshness and fulness of its information, its exact and vivid portraiture, and its thoughtful interpretation of phenomena. There will be many books on Russia before it is superseded.

With Mr. Noble's book the case is quite different. It announces itself as giving "the origin and history of the chronic Russian revolt, known as Nihilism," and the claim is made for it that "There is no other book in any language which contains the historical information" contained in it. But as the reader turns page after page without coming on any trace of "the revolt," the suspicion forces itself upon him that the book is named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Not till one has got through eight of the fourteen chapters does he meet the first allusion to "the revolt;" and two chapters more intervene before Nihilism comes into view at last.

It may be asked, What is the author about in these first ten chapters, two-thirds of his book? At first, one hardly sees the drift, and is reminded chiefly of Holmes's *Katydid*,—the author "says an undisputed thing in such a solemn way,"—he deduces his commonplace conclusions from such distant and fanciful antecedents. But as the reader turns over the pages, a familiar presence seems to haunt him; the feeling grows that he has had experience of this stuff before; pretty soon it bursts upon him,—Climate, Soil, Food, and the Aspects of Nature! It is Buckleism in all its crudity, before us again as fresh and confident as if it had not been decently buried these fifteen years. Here is a specimen:

"In another way, too, does hill life help the conservation of superstitious terrors. It separates people instead of bringing them together. It weakens a community's sense of numbers, its feeling of nearness, its consciousness of solidarity and strength. This is, no doubt, why civilization made so much and such rapid progress in Europe, which of all the quarters of the world has the lowest mean altitude."

Buckle at his wildest scarcely equalled that last sentence. And there is philosophizing even profounder than this—as where the author explains the alleged absence of beauty among the women of Russia by the consideration that “for centuries the race has been looking out over wide, formless plains. Nature gave it no ideals of beauty.” There are one hundred and sixty pages of this sort, making in reality a crude essay in political philosophy after the manner of Buckle without Buckle’s historic insight, but with the faintest apparent connection with the “origin and history of Russian Nihilism.” There is more new information and more sound philosophy in any one of Stepniak’s introductory chapters than in all these ten. It is difficult to understand how the author, with the accumulations of “ten years’ study,” can suppose either his facts or his reasonings, in this part of his book, to have the slightest novelty, or the least value as contributions to the comprehension of Tzarism and Nihilism. What is good is commonplace, and what is new is irrelevant. There is a strange obliviousness—one does not like to say ignorance—on some of the most important points. Mr. Noble discusses the democratic institutions of Russia like a man totally unaware of the results of comparative research, and unacquainted with such names as Maine and Freeman. He eulogizes the *mir* and *vetche* in language appropriate to institutions unique and unparalleled; and he actually declares, evidently with reference mainly to these features, that “The Slav system differed from all other European methods of government.” He spends much space in describing the low state of woman in old Russia, as if it were in some way characteristic of that country and not common to all communities in a certain stage of development.

But when all this is disposed of, it is true that in the last four chapters Mr. Noble has something to say of “the revolt.” Here are some facts not commonly known outside of cyclopedias, and some good remarks on the attitude of the government. They are not particularly novel, to be sure, and the author is apt to bring in his Climate, Soil, Food, and the Aspects of Nature, here also in the most unexpected way; as when he derives the “mental irritation” of the Russian capital from its “luminous summer midnights.” One salient and valuable reflection occurs just at the last: that the hope of Russia is federalism, a voluntary federation of the reconstructed Slav republics which were destroyed in the building of the Tzardom. In view of these last few pages, one wishes that Mr. Noble had thrown away his first ten or twelve chapters, following Sydney Smith’s advice to young writers, and had really written on the Russian Revolt.

N. M. WHEELER. ☉

A NEW MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

When a new manual of English literature is announced, we surely have a right to expect that, in justification of its existence, it shall present not only external excellences of typography, but shall give evidence of an intimate personal acquaintance with the ground with which it deals, and a capacity for furnishing others with instruction and guidance. We have no need of mere schoolmaster manuals, or of books that represent second-hand knowledge. But we do need more works that are the results of the life-long personal experience of strong, well-balanced, and spiritual minds, in the noble fields of English literature. To produce such a work is a task worthy of a master hand, and is not adapted to the hand of an apprentice. This holds true not only of works of the more extensive sort, but quite as much of smaller manuals that are designed to be the interpreters of these great subjects to persons that are making the acquaintance of them for the first time.

The author of the present work has aimed to make a book that should serve the three-fold end of school manual, guide to the general reader, and book of reference. She divides English literature into ten periods, which are named as follows: The Anglo-Saxon Age, the Age of Chaucer, the Dark Age, the Elizabethan Age, the Puritan Age, the Age of Dryden and the Restoration, the Classical Age of Pope, Addison and Swift, the Johnsonian Age, the Age of Revolution, the Victorian Age. Each of these ages is first dealt with at large; its principal characteristics are given, together with the great movements or tendencies in the literature and history of the time, and a brief comment on the leading writers and their works, followed by a summary of the main features of the contemporary literatures of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and America. Then from among the writers of the period the author selects one or more whom she regards as representative of the spirit of their time, and each of these writers she treats at considerable length. The remaining writers are dealt with in a few words. Thus, Dr. Johnson, who is one of the two writers chosen to represent the literature of the latter part of the eighteenth century, occupies sixty pages, while Fielding is dismissed with thirteen lines. The author’s selection of representative writers is in some cases open to question. There is a noticeable preference for poets over prose writers. Out of the eighteen writers chosen to represent the several periods, thirteen are

*A POPULAR MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Containing Outlines of the Literatures of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the United States of America. With historical, scientific, and art notes. By Maud Gillette Phillips. In two volumes. New York: Harper Brothers.

distinctively poets, and of the five remaining, four—Addison, Swift, Goldsmith, and Scott—are almost as much poets as prose writers. It certainly is singular that the authors chosen to represent the Victorian age—an age whose tendencies are confessedly hostile to the poetic spirit, and which expresses itself most characteristically in prose—should be Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. To Thackeray and Dickens together are assigned less than a page; George Eliot, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Macaulay, each have about a page; while to Mrs. Browning is assigned forty-five pages, and "Aurora Leigh" is analyzed with as elaborate and loving care as is "Paradise Lost."

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the book is the plan of inserting copious extracts from the great critical writers of Europe and America; and these are, on the whole, well chosen. The work thus has largely the nature of a compilation; for the part written by Mrs. Phillips is confined to those portions (by far the smaller part of the book) that refer to the general characteristics of each age in England and foreign nations, and to slight connecting passages inserted here and there to piece together the portions quoted. The remainder of the book—the portion dealing with the lives of the various representative authors and their works—is made up of comments from critical and biographical writers, from Addison to Matthew Arnold. The extracts vary in length, from a few lines to several pages; and range in nature from descriptions of Milton's portraits, by Clarence Cook, to the subtle criticisms of Coleridge and De Quincey.

Mrs. Phillips's work appears to be the result of an attempt to realize an object that is unattainable, or if attainable, undesirable. Her idea seems to be that it is possible to combine to advantage in one work some account of the history, literature, art, and science of six of the greatest nations of modern times. But of what significance is it, in connection with an account of the publication of "Romola" in 1863, that we should be informed in the margin that there was a terrible famine in Ireland in 1846-47? or in connection with some remarks upon Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" to read in the margin that "the dramatic stars of the age have been Miss O'Neill, styled 'the last of the famous actresses,' Charles Kemble, and Henry Irving"?

When one turns from the passages that are quoted from other writers, to the portions that proceed from the pen of Mrs. Phillips herself, one is not impressed with the qualifications of the author to deal with the subject she has undertaken; and frequently feels, particularly in the earlier periods, that she is relying on second-hand information. And after reading the following remarkable sentence (vol. ii., p. 417), we are not disposed to feel our confi-

dence increased: "Browning's *magnum opus* is 'The Ring and the Book,' a series of twelve psychological sketches, of which those of 'Fra Lippo Lippi' and 'Andrea del Sarto' have been pronounced the finest." After this, we should be prepared to read a statement that "Tennyson's *magnum opus* is 'The Idylls of the King,' a series of twelve æsthetic sketches, of which those of 'Maud' and 'The Princess' have been pronounced the finest."

EDWARD TYLER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

THE lecture foundation laid by the Rev. John Bampton, of England, a hundred and thirty-four years ago, has yielded many valuable contributions to Christian literature; bringing out, almost every year, a series of eight lectures from some eminent theologian or preacher, bearing on the defense of Christianity or the setting forth of its doctrines. The series for 1883, after a considerable delay in publication, appears from the press of E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York. This series, delivered by W. H. Freemantle, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, is entitled "The World as the Subject of Redemption, being an attempt to set forth the functions of the Church as designed to embrace the whole race of mankind." The lines of thought presented are unlike those common in previous lectures of the series. The author thinks the best apology for Christianity is a clear conception of the design of the Christian Church, not to save individuals out of the world, but to save the world itself. Hence "the Church is presented as the Social State in which the Spirit of Christ reigns; as embracing the general life and society of man, and identifying itself with these as much as possible; as having for its object to imbue all human relations with the spirit of Christ's self-renouncing love, and thus to change the world into a kingdom of God." In the last two lectures the subject is brought to a practical bearing by a particular notice of "the seven circles of human life" which may be said to be included in the Church and culminate in "the Universal Humanity" as the eighth. They are: The organization for public worship, not itself the Church; family life as naturally Christian; the associations for the pursuit of knowledge, as in their true nature religious; art as a religious pursuit; social intercourse as ministering to mutual knowledge, interest, affection, and discipline, and so affecting the nation and the world; trade and professional life, as ministering to the universal needs of men and drawing them together; the nation under a true ruler as a minister of God, the highest and most complete form of the Church. The universal Church, yet unorganized, is to be realized by the application of Christian principles to the life of men in all these circles. Few persons will accept all that is thus presented. To some, the leading idea will seem Utopian. Many will emphatically dissent from the organized identification of Church and State, which seems more or less implied all through the discussion. Yet philanthropists and Christians will be interested in studying this proposed solution of the problem of the world's redemption by bringing all the actions and relations of human life into a sphere pervaded by the Christian principles of righteous-

ness and love. These discourses present many striking and inspiring thoughts, expressed in the purest English.

THE Peace Society would find a powerful agent for the dissemination of its principles in the work of Mr. James A. Farrar on "Military Manners and Customs" (Holt). There is no intimation in its pages that it was written for the prime purpose of advocating the abrogation of warfare in the civilized world, but its disclosure of the cruel and criminal nature of the military practices which have prevailed during all time, fill the reader with horror that a resort to arms in case of differences among Christian nations is still sanctioned in our so-called enlightened century. We are accustomed to suppose that the system of warfare maintained at the present day is more mild and merciful than in barbarous ages; but Mr. Farrar wakes us from this delusion by a rehearsal of circumstances which have characterized the latest encounters of armed hosts in modern battles, and of the manner of conducting military campaigns now upheld by commanders in the field. It seems undeniable that Christians make war upon each other with the same ferocity as did their pagan and savage ancestors. Pointed bullets, explosive missiles, hot shot, and Andersonville prisons, occasion as much slaughter and suffering nowadays as has been witnessed in any earlier periods. The condition of the common soldier is likewise as degraded and as oppressed as it has ever been. It is that of a slave subject to a despot, his existence robbed of all that makes it enjoyable, and his fate to make food for gunpowder. These and other reflections of a similarly vivid quality press upon the mind in the perusal of Mr. Farrar's book, which ably and candidly reviews the conduct of military affairs among ancient and modern peoples. It is a structure of facts skillfully grouped, and impressive in effect. It is an appalling chapter in the story of the human race, and the saddest part of it is that Christianity has done so little to soften its terrible features. Mr. Farrar calls attention to the neutral attitude of the modern church with respect to the matter, remarking that whatever attempt has been made to further the cause of peace or mitigate the cruelties of military customs has come from the school of thought which the church most opposes and reviles. The moral and historical value of the treatise are about evenly balanced. Its appeal to the sense of right and of humanity is as wholesome as its store of widely gleaned and well arranged statements is instructive.

MR. MATTHEW WILLIAMS'S work on "The Chemistry of Cooking" (Appleton) goes to the root of a subject which is attaining a deserved prominence. What kinds of food are the most healthful and nourishing, how they shall best be prepared, when most suitably taken, are inquiries which vitally concern everyone. Many thoughtful women are occupying themselves with the matter, mainly from the technical points of view, beginning, as is natural, with the mechanical part of cooking, endeavoring to bring this up to a higher standard of efficiency and economy. They are considering the hygienic side of the subject, too, striving to introduce into common use in the cuisine materials and methods which are most wholesome and simple. Mr. Williams comes to their aid with a dissertation on the technology or science of cookery, demonstrating in the clearest manner what forms of food are prefer-

able and why they are so. He describes the chemical processes and physiological tests by which the conclusions laid down by him here have been reached, and in language so plain that the unlearned have no difficulty in comprehending him. Mr. Williams declares that the full nutrition of the human body can be more profitably obtained from vegetable than from animal food, provided it be rightly cooked. He denounces very emphatically the waste of fuel which goes on in most kitchens in maintaining too high a degree of heat, to the consequent injury of food by over-cooking it. He shows how meat may be thoroughly cooked, or, as is commonly said, boiled, and its valuable juices retained, while the water in which it is immersed never rises above 180 degrees, or 32 degrees below the boiling point. In the course of his explanations, he teaches the true method of boiling eggs, broiling a steak, baking and frying and boiling meats, and of cooking vegetables and other staple articles of food. Yet it is always in the character of a chemist, never in that of a cook, that he conveys instruction. It is, as he carefully distinguishes, the technology of the subject, not the technicality of it, which he treats. His object is to demonstrate through scientific experiments the values of different foods, in the raw state and after the needful transformation that fits them for the human stomach. While accomplishing this purpose he performs an equally important service, by proving that the most nutritious and easily digested foods are the cheapest. Cheese, he says, for instance, contains more nutritive material than any other kind of food ordinarily obtainable, and when cooked in the various ways prescribed by him, is a most wholesome and economical article of diet. Rumford's soup, again, the recipe for which is given, is more nourishing than the best beef, and furnishes a hearty meal at a cost of one or two cents per person. A treatise embodying valuable and practical facts like these cannot be too highly commended. It ought to be in the hands of every housekeeper, and every man, woman and child should be made familiar with its teachings, which bear so directly on questions connected with their health and happiness.

TREATISES on domestic economy are almost numberless, yet Mrs. S. D. Power has proved that there is room for one more, by the admirable work she has produced under the title of "Anna Maria's Housekeeping" (D. Lothrop & Co.) It is written from the experience of a skilled housewife, who aims to do whatever is to be done, not only deftly, but with the least cost in money, time, and strength. The most valuable feature of her book is its instruction in processes which simplify the performance of the varied duties which fall within a woman's province. Its hints and directions in this line are really marvels of cleverness and contrivance, illustrating the truth of the author's statement that "it takes genius to be a first-rate housekeeper." Mrs. Power has genius of the practical executive sort, as every one who reads her book will acknowledge. It is a veritable boon to young women, and a benefit to those of her own years; for every efficient worker in any kind of science has some peculiar arts or methods, gained by accident or experiment, which are new to another. Mrs. Power, with keen appreciation of this fact, remarks: "I never let any mortal, old or young, great or undersized, go out of my house without telling me at least one thing I didn't

know before." One as eager as this for information must in time have a store to impart, as Mrs. Power assuredly has. It is unnecessary to say more to feminine readers than that Mrs. Power is the author of the "Ugly Girl Papers."

Mrs. MARY F. HENDERSON is to be ranked among successful American authors. Her book on "Practical Cooking and Dinner-Giving" stands probably at the head of works of its kind produced in this country, and the royalty it brings her annually amounts to a handsome income. Any succeeding enterprise of a like nature undertaken by her may naturally be expected to possess the same elements of popularity; for one who brings talent, training, ambition and industry to the performance of a congenial task may be relied upon for a satisfactory conclusion. Mrs. Henderson's manual treating of the proper "Diet for the Sick" (Harper) is as faithful and useful a treatise as we had a right to anticipate. It is the fruit of study and experience. The writer has gathered the counsels of the ablest physicians and men of science with regard to the values of foods and their application to special conditions of health and disease, and reproduced them in her own terse and pithy style. Such theoretical knowledge she has supplemented by a full list of recipes for the preparation of food and drinks for the sick and convalescent; and thus she has constructed a hand-book filled with hints and directions of value alike to the sick and the well. Its suggestions upon the prevention of disease and the preservation of vigor to an advanced age, though brief, are worth quite as much as its prescriptions for the diet of the feeble and the invalid.

GENERAL THEO. F. RODENBOUGH, U. S. A., has prepared a small volume on Afghanistan (Putnam) which conveys an intelligent idea of affairs at the present moment in the region of Central Asia which is liable to be the theatre of a desperate conflict between England and Russia. The book has been prepared with rapidity, to answer the demand of the hour; yet a large list of authorities have been consulted in its construction, and a mass of pertinent and interesting details accumulated. It describes the physical features of Afghanistan and the situation of its principal cities and fortified places, adding some account of the characteristic traits of its inhabitants. It sketches very briefly the advance of Russia in its conquest of Central Asia, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present date, and, with greater fulness, the facilities now at her command for a continued and hostile progress toward India. Also, it furnishes an account of the means which England can control for the defence of her Asiatic possessions from the menaces of a powerful foe. The author abstains from the expression of opinions regarding the purpose of Russia throughout the conduct of her Asiatic policy, and in his entire narrative maintains an impersonal attitude. His object has been to give a glance at the scene and conditions involved in the impending struggle, rather than a history of the events leading up to it or a criticism of the motives influencing the two great nations whose provinces in the Orient are separated only by a strip of barbarous territory inhabited by savage tribes.

COL. THEODORE A. DODGE's essay on the equestrian art, entitled "Patroclus and Penelope"

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is conceived in a charming spirit which captivates not only the lover of good horses and good horsemanship, but every reader of gentle tastes. It is written in a frank, refined and genial style, that is peculiarly ingratiating; while underlying this is a thorough knowledge of the subject treated. The book is named from the favorite riding-horses of the author and of his young friend Tom—a frequent companion in his daily excursions and the direct recipient of much of his instruction. Like one talking to an intimate and sympathetic friend, Colonel Dodge dilates upon the numberless points involved in skilled riding, along the road, after hounds, in the steeple-chase, in every form and style of finished equestrianism. He speaks with invariable modesty, but as one having years of constant practice in riding in the best schools in various countries, and following the pursuit with none of the instincts of the jockey, but with the predilections of a gentleman. His horse is only less dear to him than his nearest human friend, and the high-mettled, intelligent, well-trained animal deserves his affection and confidence. A series of instantaneous photographs of the horse in motion add largely to the interest of the volume, while the remarks of the author upon the comparative truth of photographic and artistic representations of the animal under motion are worthy of special notice.

THE series of "Classics for Children," issuing from the press of Ginn, Heath & Co., merits hearty praise. The books are intended for use in schools in the daily reading exercise, and consist of standard works adapted to the taste and the needs of the young. Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Tales from Shakespeare" by Charles and Mary Lamb, "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," and Kingsley's "Water Babies," are already published. For the end designed, no exception can be taken to the selection of works like these, which have charmed every generation since their appearance, and will continue to do so. The books are edited by careful and capable hands, which condense, correct, and explain the text as appears desirable to render it in every respect clear, pure, and inviting to youthful minds. The advantages of such reading books over those which have had possession of our schools, scarcely require enumerating. They turn a usually irksome and meaningless lesson into a keen pleasure and a source of manifold instruction. The masterpieces of literature which a child peruses under the guidance of a teacher are never forgotten. They are lasting and precious acquisitions in themselves, and they excite a taste for a similar order of reading which is of inestimable importance. These volumes are published in a neat and cheap form, and in most instances are accompanied with illustrations.

MR. SILAS FARMER, of Detroit, has prepared and published, in a handsome large octavo volume of over a thousand pages, a "History of Detroit and Michigan." The work is a rich repository of facts and incidents pertaining to the development of a thriving commonwealth and its capital city. It has been accumulated at the expense of years of enthusiastic and diligent research. Its parallel in the amount of material presented, and in the fulness and minuteness of its detail, has seldom if ever been produced in a merely local memoir. The contribution it makes to the general history of the United

States is quite considerable, and therefore its interest is not restricted to the limits of the scene in which the narrative centres. It startles one at first to read that Detroit was founded before St. Petersburg was built by Peter the Great; but we remember that it is one of the oldest cities in America, its annals beginning with the explorations of Sieur de Champlain, and covering the entire period of the life of our nation. The events which have shaped its existence are written out with extreme particularity by Mr. Farmer, and are illustrated by hundreds of engravings, many of which, reproducing old maps and wood-cuts, possess not a little historical value. The publishers of the work are Silas Farmer & Co., Detroit.

The paper on "Assyriology," read by Professor Francis Brown before the Faculty of Union Theological Seminary in September, 1884, is worthy of the wider publicity it will be able to attain in its printed form (Scribner). It is a vigorous essay, replete with learning and pervaded with a noble and resolute candor. Its subject is the use and abuse of Assyriology in its application to the study of the Old Testament, and its whole line of argument is in support of a fearless acceptance of whatever historical facts science may derive from the body of cuneiform inscriptions it has unearthed. The author is staunch in the faith in the divine origin of the Bible, and thinks that no truths to be disclosed by Assyriology are likely to undermine that belief. Thus far they have merely confirmed it, assisting the exegetist to a clearer comprehension of the chosen people to whom the revelation of the one pure system of monotheism was made, and to a more correct estimate of the value of different texts and books comprised in the Hebrew Scriptures. But while demanding a firmer courage in meeting the results of investigations in Assyriology, the author requires that more care and patience and time shall be expended in testing and sifting the conclusions to which these inquiries lead.

The third issue of the publications of the American Historical Association is a valuable contribution to the history of the Northwestern States. Its title is the "History of the Management of Land Grants for Education in the Northwest Territory," by George W. Knight, Ph.D., of the University of Michigan. The paper, comprising 175 pages, first treats the legislation of the old Congress, concerning the territory which culminated in the Ordinance of 1787, and the purchase of several million acres by Dr. Manasseh Cutler for the Ohio Company. Dr. Cutler in his negotiations was not satisfied with the conditions of the statute of 1785, that section No. 16 in every township should be set aside for the maintenance of schools, or with the further offer of Congress that section No. 36 be given for the purposes of religion; but he insisted that two townships, near the centre of his purchase, and of good land, should be given for a higher seminary of learning; and he would buy on no other terms. "The persistency of Dr. Cutler," says Mr. Knight, "with the dire necessity of the Government, was the force which won the day for the Ohio Company and higher education. To him belongs the honor of obtaining, with much labor, the first gift for a university." The purchase of the Symmes tract, where Cincinnati now stands, followed the same year, and similar reservations for schools and a college were made. In all subsequent legislation by Congress, section No. 16 in every

township was set aside for schools, and one township in each land district for a seminary. Other gifts of swamp land for the benefit of education were made to each of the Western States; and if these donations had been judiciously managed they would have produced enormous educational benefits for each of the States instead of the meagre ones saved from the wrecks of bad legislation and mismanagement. Mr. Knight gives in detail the improvident and disgraceful record of each State in frittering away its school lands. Ohio, as it began first, did the worst in this miserable business. In most of the States the educational funds which were saved were borrowed to pay the ordinary expenses of the government and with no intention of returning them. The entire support of the schools in those States is raised by taxation, and the school funds are purely ideal, being only a moral obligation on the people to pay an annual tax forever equal to the interest of the money which has been sequestered from its legitimate use and spent years ago. In the newer States of Nebraska, Minnesota, and Texas, the school lands have been protected by judicious legislation. In Texas the educational funds can be invested only in bonds of the United States or the State of Texas; and in Nebraska only in United States bonds, or county bonds of Nebraska. The paper of Mr. Knight shows much aptitude in the writer for the treatment of a historical subject. His research has been exhaustive, and his style is simple, clear, and concise. Some older historical writers would do well to take Mr. Knight's paper as a model of method and treatment.

MARY TREAT'S "Home Studies in Nature" (Harper) is a delightful little book. It has all the interest of the most "popular" science for the general reader, but is deserving of a higher sort of characterization than that term implies, being the work of a close and well-equipped observer. It contains so much that is new as to constitute a real contribution to natural history. Of especial value are the observations made upon insectivorous plants, which no one should fail to read in connection with Darwin's work on that subject. Very interesting also is the account of the discovery by the writer of the *Nymphaea flava* in the St. John's river, thus verifying the illustration of that plant in Audubon, and settling the vexed question of its existence. The chapter on the characteristic flora of the pine-barrens of New Jersey is also of peculiar interest, and gives a charming sketch of that paradise of botanists. The first half of the book contains studies of birds and insects, that show the same painstaking and accurate observation as those upon insectivorous plants. What is particularly noticeable about the book is its grace of style and the unusually good illustrations, many of which are reproduced from "Harper's Monthly," which is a guarantee of their excellence. Altogether, it is a book to be cordially welcomed by scientific and unscientific lovers of nature alike.

THE famous "Lenape Stone," an archaeological relic famous among scientists, has been made the subject of exhaustive study by Mr. H. C. Mercer, who has given the results of his inquiry to the public through the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The stone in question was found in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, in 1872, by a farmer while ploughing. It did not come under scientific observation until ten years later, in 1882, and then evoked contradictory

opinions regarding its authenticity. The relic exhibits a remarkable carving on a "gorget stone," representing a battle between Indians and the hairy mammoth. It is the first discovery indicating that the prehistoric elephant dwelt contemporaneously with the Indian in our North American forests. The questions it excites could not fail to be of deep interest to scientific observers, who have generally regarded the antiquity of the carving as uncertain. Mr. Mercer, who resides in the neighborhood where the stone was found, and is familiar with all the circumstances of its discovery, believing in its authenticity, has collected the evidences supporting his opinion and presented them impartially in a monograph which is of special importance to the archaeologists.

THE power which Bishop Simpson exercised in the field where he labored came from his strong and intense personality. He was in earnest; and the ardor of his faith, and the energy with which he declared it, carried his convictions into the hearts of others. His voice, his look, his gestures, were magnetic, and drew the feelings of his listeners into the current where his own were flowing. It was the force of enthusiasm, the eloquence of emotion, that made his discourses impressive, rather than persuasive argument or resistless logic, or array of learning or arts of oratory. A volume of the Sermons by Bishop Simpson, recently published by Harper & Brothers, reveals the sources of his influence as a preacher. It was the living soul he put into his words, rather than the words themselves, which produced effect. He did not write out his sermons, but trusted to the inspiration of the moment; and these transcripts were taken from his lips in shorthand, and afterwards amended by the editor of the volume, Dr. G. R. Crooks. Thus given, they fail to represent the full power of the author, and yet are interesting mementoes of an effective and eminent speaker.

THERE is a quaint and piquant quality in Louise Imogen Guiney's "Goose-Quill Papers" (Roberts Brothers), which arrests and diverts the attention. They are slight and short discourses, often on whimsical or eccentric topics, as "The Good Repute of the Apple," "Teaching One's Grandmother How to Suck Eggs," "An Open Letter to the Moon," "De Mosquitone," etc.; but they have a flavor of originality which gives them a certain uniqueness and distinction. The author has read considerably and to the purpose, and is apt at enriching her own lines of reflection with illustrations from a varied range of writers new and old. She is young—if we may accept the reminiscences of "A Child in Camp" as a bit of genuine autobiography,—and exhibits promise in both the matter and manner of her essays. "The Notes made by Troilus Gently," and the opening eulogy on the Apple, are among the best papers in the collection. The first contains a number of striking thoughts strongly expressed, and the second displays the characteristics of the writer: marked facility of diction, humor, and a delicately fanciful sentiment.

A WRITER signing himself Sir Henry Standish Coverdale, has depicted a sequence of fanciful events culminating in the overturn of the Government of the United States or "The Fall of the Great Republic" (Roberts). He ascribes the revolution to the united action of the Irish and the socialists, who

flock to a country which converts itself into an asylum for all persons who cannot live peaceably or respectably elsewhere. The event is dated startlingly near, in 1888; the acts leading to it being even now in the process of fulfilment. The sketch is not notable as an effort of the imagination, but sets forth in a vigorous manner the wholly possible consequences of a political policy which allows, in the name of liberty, a shameful amount of personal license and official tyranny.

TWO SISTERS, both somewhat widely known as writers and workers in the cause of social reform, Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett and Mrs. Frances Ekin Allison, appear as joint authors of a little volume containing essays on "The Future of Educated Women," and "Men, Women, and Money," (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) Both essays are thoughtful and suggestive, pointing to the conclusions at which many women of intellect and experience arrive in considering the great questions which concern the welfare of their sex. It is the belief of Mrs. Starrett that the future of educated women will include organized money-making employment, apart from the work of the home; while Mrs. Allison contends especially for the right of married women to a just share in the incomes of their husbands, as due payment for their services in the capacity of wife, mother, and house-keeper. The claims of both writers are urged with candor, force, and moderation.

MARY STUART SMITH'S "Virginia Cookery Book" (Harper) contains a multitude of recipes which have been in use in the Southern States, and especially in Virginia, for a number of generations. They may be trusted to produce luxurious and appetizing dishes, but, as a rule, call for generous supplies of materials and vigorous powers of digestion. The liberal housewife will welcome it as an accession to her special library, although the benefits from it are limited to occasional reference.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

BRET HARTE, says the London "Athenium," is at work on a new Californian story.

NEW novels by Mr. Howells and Mrs. Foote will succeed "The Bostonians" and "Silas Lapham" in "The Century."

A NEW and extensive work on Bacon, by Dr. Abbott, of England, will soon be published by Macmillan & Co.

CASSELL & COMPANY are about to issue "Our Colonies and India: How We Got Them and Why We Keep Them," by Prof. Cyril Ransome.

THE author of that clever book "Vice Versa" has a new novelette called "The Tinted Venus," about to be published by D. Appleton & Co.

ADMIRAL PORTER, with characteristic bravery, will soon offer the public another novel—"The Adventures of Harry Marline," to be published by D. Appleton & Co.

THE correspondence of Peter the Great has been prepared for publication by a commission of literary men in Russia, who have collected over 8,000 letters and documents of the Czar.

MR. PALGRAVE has added to his elegant "Golden Treasury Series" a volume of Tennyson's lyrics,

in the selection of which the poet-laureate has himself assisted. The volume is published by Macmillan & Co.

THE REV. H. R. HAWES, author of "Music and Morals," and other excellent works, will sail for America in September, to fill an appointment as special lecturer at Cornell University.

INTEREST in Shelley appears to be increasing in France, since a translation of all his poetical works has been completed by M. François Rabb, and will be published in Paris next autumn.

MR. J. H. INGRAM, the English biographer of Poe, will soon publish a work on "The Raven," which will give the origin, history, various versions, translations, and parodies, of the famous poem.

TWO NEW novels are issued by J. B. Lippincott Company—"Vain Forebodings," by E. Oswald, translated from the German by Mrs. Wister; and "Troubled Waters, a Problem of To-Day," by Beverley Ellison Warner.

PUTNAM'S SONS begin the publication of "The Travellers Series," comprising sketches of people and places, with the "Italian Rambles" of James Jackson Jarves, "Studies of Paris" by Edmondo de Amicis, and "The Great Fur Land" by H. M. Robinson.

THE "New York Shakespearean Society" has been incorporated, "to promote knowledge and study of the works of William Shakespeare and the Shakespearean and Elizabethan drama." Mr. Appleton Morgan and Mr. Brander Matthews are prominent among the founders of the society.

AN attractive series of Summer novels, to be called the "Riverside Paper Series," is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will comprise some new works and some old favorites, among the latter, Holmes's "Elsie Venner," Aldrich's "Stillwater Tragedy," and Hardy's "But Yet a Woman."

THE announcement of Mr. Wharton's "Sappho" is received with such favor that the American publishers of the work find their first edition likely to prove insufficient for the immediate demand. The ten copies of the limited large-paper edition allotted to this country were insufficient to fill the advance orders.

GENERAL GORDON'S Diaries will be published simultaneously by Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co., of London, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. The volume is edited by Mr. A. Egmont Hake, a cousin of Gordon's, and includes letters from Gen. Stewart and El Mahdi, together with other important documents and maps.

PORTER & COATES announce that they will shortly publish three new juveniles—"Camp Fire and Wigwag," by Edward S. Ellis; "The Young Wild-Fowlers," by Harry Castlemon; and "Hector's Inheritance," by Horatio Alger, Jr. Also, new editions of Coates's "Children's Book of Poetry," Arthur's "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," and Smith's "Bible Dictionary."

HARPER'S "Handy Series" of sketches and novellines is "intended to supply the best current literature in a form that shall combine the cheapness of the popular library with neatness and portability." The volumes are small duodecimos in paper covers, fairly printed, and sold at about twenty-five cents each. The sixth number of the series is a volume of "Home Letters," hitherto unpublished, by the

late Earl of Beaconsfield. The letters are addressed to various members of Disraeli's family, and describe a tour in the Mediterranean, made in 1830-31, for the benefit of his health.

DR. GEORG EBERS's American publisher, Mr. Gottsberger, has issued a card in which he defends Clara Bell from the charge of inaccurately and inadequately translating the German novelist, and quotes from a letter in which Dr. Ebers expresses his gratification at the manner in which "Serapis" has been rendered into English.

BRATTLEBORO, Vermont, is the subject of a volume called "The Story of an old New England Town," by Mrs. F. B. Greenough, published by Cupples, Upham & Co. The same firm publish "Thackeray's London," a volume by William H. Rideing, descriptive of the novelist's haunts and the scenes of his books. It is prefaced by a new portrait of Thackeray, etched by Edmund H. Garrett.

THE exhaustive work on "Russian Central Asia," by Dr. Landsell, the famous traveller and writer, will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It extends to nearly 1,500 pages, in two volumes, illustrated. Also, there will soon be published by Cassell & Company a new work by Prof. Vambéry, on the Central Asian question, with particular reference to Afghanistan and Russian intrigues there.

THE fondness of American readers for good short stories has led Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. to project a series of "Tales from Many Sources," gathered mainly from the English magazines. Four volumes have already been published, each containing some half-dozen stories, representing the best recent English writers. The volumes are compact and inexpensive, and seem likely to become quite popular.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have just issued Miss Jewett's new novel of "A Marsh Island," Craddock's "Down the Ravine," Prof. Bailey's "Talks Afield," Bradford Torrey's "Birds in the Bush," Sophus Tromholt's "Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis," edited by Carl Siewers, and "The Philosophy of Disenchantment," by Edgar Everson Saltus—a statement of the views of Schopenhauer and other representative pessimists, and the reasons upon which those views are based.

HAMERTON'S "Landscape," the most recent of his works, which first appeared in a large quarto with etched illustrations, is now produced in a library edition, minus the illustrations, by Roberts Brothers. The author says of it: "I have done all in my power to make 'Landscape' a readable book. It is not mere letter-press to illustrations, or anything of the kind, but a book which, I hope, anybody who takes any interest in landscape would be glad to possess." This work was reviewed at length in THE DIAL for last April.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

JUNE, 1885.

Africanization of America. Henry Gannett. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
Astrakhan, Six Months at. Edmund Noble. *Atlantic*.
Brown, John, at Harper's Ferry. J. E. P. Daingerfield. *Cent'y.*
Cookery, Chemistry of. W. Matten Williams. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
Country Town, Reilg's Problem of. T. W. Dike. *And. Review*.
Dime Museums. J. G. Wood. *Atlantic*.
Disinfectants, Sulphurous. G. Tisandler. *Pop. Sci. Monthly*.
Earthquakes, Their Causes. R. A. Proctor. *Harper's*.
Elliot, George. C. C. Everett. *Andover Review*.
England and Russia in the East. *Andover Review*.
English Literature, a New Manual of. Edward Tyler. *Dial*.
English in the Schools. A. S. Hill. *Harper's*.
Florentine Mosaic, a. W. D. Howells. *Century*.

Forests and the Census. Francis Parkman. *Atlantic*.
 Fuel of the Future, the. George Wardman. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Fuller, Margaret. Rebecca B. Spring. *Harper's*.
 Gaines Mill, Battle of. Fitz John Porter. *Century*.
 ———— *Atlantic*.
 Germans, a Night with the. R. F. Zogbaum. *Harper's*.
 Grizzly, Still-Hunting the. Theodore Roosevelt. *Century*.
 Herschels, the Three. Edwin S. Holden. *Century*.
 Hugo, Victor. Melville B. Anderson. *Dial*.
 Huguenot Emigration to America. C. K. Adams. *Dial*.
 ———— *Atlantic*.
 Island Number Ten, Channel at. J. W. Bissell. *Century*.
 Jackson, Stonewall, in the Shenandoah. J. D. Imboden. *Cent.*
 Justice, the Tardiness of. W. L. Learned. *No. Am. Rev.*
 Kerosene. S. F. Peckham. *Popular Science Monthly*.
 Knoxville in the Olden Time. Edmund Kirke. *Harper's*.
 Laveleye, De, a Rejoinder to. Herbert Spencer. *P. S. Mo.*
 Mediterranean of Canada. J. M. Oxley. *Pop. Sci. Monthly*.
 Monkeys. Alfred E. Brehm. *Popular Science Monthly*.
 Moths and Moth-Catchers. A. R. Grote. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Negro, Help for the. T. U. Dudley. *Century*.
 Nervous System and Consciousness. W. Benedict. *P. S. Mo.*
 New Orleans Exposition. E. V. Smalley. *Century*.
 Old Testament, the Revised. C. M. Mead. *Andover Review*.
 ———— E. L. Curtis. *Dial*.
 Orchids. Sophie B. Herrick. *Century*.
 Orthodoxy, Progressive. *Andover Review*.
 Philosophy, the Religious Aspect of. *Atlantic*.
 Poetry, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
 Political Delusion. J. L. Laughlin. *Atlantic*.
 Politics, Prohibition in. Gail Hamilton. *No. Am. Review*.
 Portfolio, the New. O. W. Holmes. *Atlantic*.
 Public Schools and Catholicism. *No. Am. Review*.
 Ranch in Kansas, a. Alice W. Rollins. *Harper's*.
 Russia. N. M. Wheeler. *Dial*.
 Santa Fe de Bogota. H. R. Lemly. *Harper's*.
 Silver, Demonetization of. W. G. Sumner and others. *N. A. R.*
 Social Helps. Newman Smyth. *Andover Review*.
 Song of Solomon. ———— *Andover Review*.
 Spencer, Herbert, a Criticism on. E. de Laveleye. *P. S. Mo.*
 Spoilation Claims, French. Edward Everett. *No. Am. Rev.*
 Swearing Habit, the. E. P. Whipple. *N. Am. Review*.
 Vandalism, Modern. Elizabeth K. Fennell. *Atia. etc.*
 Watts Exhibition, the. F. D. Millet. *Harper's*.
 Whites. W. H. Flower. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Woman's Dress. *North American Review*.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all New Books, American and Foreign, received during the month of May, by MESSRS. JANSEN, MCCLURG & CO., Chicago.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

An Inglorious Columbus; or, Evidence that Hwui Shan and a Party of Buddhist Monks from Afghanistan Discovered America in the Fifth Century, A. D. By E. P. Vining. 8vo, pp. 788. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00.
Russia Under the Tatars. From the Russian of Stepanik. Pp. 381. C. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 "A remarkable work. . . . Even when viewed with sceptical eyes they must be recognized as forming a terrible indictment against the Russian government."—*The Athenaeum*, London.
The Russian Revolt. Its Causes, Condition, and Prospects. By Edmund Noble. Pp. 299. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
Afghanistan, and the Anglo-Russian Dispute. An account of Russia's advance toward India, based upon the reports and experiences of Russian, German, and British officers and travelers; with a description of Afghanistan, and of the military resources of the Powers concerned. By Theo. F. Rodenbaugh, Bvt. Brig. Gen'l. U. S. A. With maps and illustrations. Pp. 132. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.
 "A book that will have a permanent place in libraries for its enduring value."—*N. Y. Graphic*.
England and Russia in Asia. By G. M. Towle. Pp. 116. J. R. Osgood & Co. 50 cents.
History of the Persia. Including their Manners, Customs, Religion, and Present Position. By Dosabhai Framji Karaka, C.S.I. With colored and other illustrations. 2 vols., 8vo. London. \$3.00.
Memoirs. By Mark Pattison. Pp. 354. Macmillan & Co., London. \$2.50.
The Life of the Buddha, and the Early History of his Order. Derived from Tibetan Works in the Bkash-Hgyur and Bstan-Hgyur. Followed by notices on the Early History of Tibet and Khoten. Translated by W. W. Rockhill. 8vo, pp. 273. London. \$3.15.
Buddhist Records of the Western World. Translated from the Chinese of Huen Tsiang (A. D. 629). By Samuel Beal. 2 vols., 8vo. London. \$3.40.

The Store-City of Pithom, and The Route of the Exodus. By Edouard Naville. With Thirteen Plates and Two Maps. Quarto. London. Net, \$10.00.
The History of the Ojibway Nation. Being Vol. V. of Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society. With Portrait of Wm. W. Warren. 8vo, pp. 533. Net, \$3.00.
China. By R. K. Douglas. Illustrated. Pp. 366. D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.50.
Alaska. Its Southern Coast, and The Sitkan Archipelago. By E. R. Scidmore. Illustrated. Pp. 333. D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.50.
Chinese Gordon. The Uncrowned King. His character as it is portrayed in his private letters. Compiled by Laura C. Holloway. Pp. 32. Stiff paper covers. Funk & Wagnalls. 25 cents.
An Actor's Tour; or, Seventy Thousand Miles with Shakespeare. By Daniel E. Bandmann. Edited by B. Gisbey. New edition. Pp. 303. Paper. Cupples, Upham & Co. 75 cents.
Ancestral Tablets. A Collection of Diagrams for Pedigrees. So arranged that Eight Generations of the Ancestors of any person may be recorded in a connected and simple form. By W. H. Whitmore, A.M. Fifth edition. Quarto, boards. Cupples, Upham & Co. Net, \$2.00.

TRAVEL—SPORTING.

From Home to Home: Autumn Wanderings in the North-West in 1881-1884. By A. S. Hill, D.C.L., Q.C., M.P. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 432. O. Judd Co. \$5.00.
Venetian Life. By W. D. Howells. "The Riverside Aldine Series." 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.
A Summer in Scandinavia. By Mary A. Stone. Illustrated. Pp. 204. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.25.
 "Mrs. Stone made her journey with open eyes, an open mind and an open heart."—*N. Y. Tribune*.
Society in London. By a Foreign Resident. Pp. 321. London. Net, \$2.10.
Aboard and Abroad in 1884. By W. P. Breed, D.D. Pp. 162. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents.
The Crest of the Continent. A Record of a Summer's Ramble in the Rocky Mountains and Beyond. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. Pp. 344. R. R. Donnelly & Sons. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.
Nine Years in Nipon: Sketches of Japanese Life and Manners. By Henry Faulds, L.F.P.S. 8vo, pp. 304. London. Net, \$3.00.
The Great Far Land; or, Sketches of Life in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By H. M. Robinson. With numerous illustrations. New edition. Pp. 348. Paper. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.
Italian Rambles. Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy. By J. J. Jarves. New edition. Pp. 446. Paper. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.
Studies of Paris. From the Italian of Edmondo De Amicis. New edition. Pp. 276. Paper. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.
Boat Sailing and Racing. Containing Practical Instructions for bending and setting sails, trimming, steering, and handling boats, etc. By Capt. C. C. P. Fitzgerald, R.N. Pp. 141. London. Net, \$1.00.
The Sportsman's Guide. To the Northern Lakes; with Hints on Fishing, Hunting, and Trapping. By George Francis. Illustrated. Pp. 90. Paper. G. F. Thomas. 50 cents.

ESSAYS, BELLES-LETTRES, ETC.

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Birds in the Bush. By Bradford Toney. Pp. 300. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
The Pleasures of England. Lectures given in Oxford. By John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D. Pp. 80. Boards. John Wiley & Sons. 75 cents.
The Philosophy of Disenchantment. By Edgar E. Saltus. Pp. 231. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. By Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra. A Translation, with Introduction and Notes, by John Ormsby. 4 vols., 8vo. Macmillan & Co. Vols. I. and II. now ready. Per vol., \$3.50.

Tales from the Arabian. Of the Breslau and Calcutta (1814-18) editions of the Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night not occurring in the other printed texts of the work, now first done into English by John Payne. Printed for the Villon Society, London. 3 vols., 8vo. Full vellum, gilt tops. Uniform with, and a continuation of, Payne's "Thousand Nights and One Night." The edition is limited to 750 copies, numbered. Net, \$27.00.

Prose Writings of N. P. Willis. Selected by H. A. Beers. Pp. 365. C. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

"Prof. Beers has gathered in this book Willis's best prose works, which of late years have been inaccessible."—*Publishers' Announcement.*

The Future of Educated Women. By Helen E. Starrett; and Men, Women, and Money, by Frances E. Allison. Pp. 75. Jansen, McClurg & Co. 50 cents.

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Letters on Daily Life. By Elizabeth M. Sewell. Pp. 352. E. & J. B. Young & Co. Net, \$2.00.

The Aeneid of Virgil. Translated by J. W. MacRill. M.A. Pp. 304. Macmillan & Co., London. Net, \$1.75.

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Plutarch. On the Delay of the Divine Justice. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by A. F. Peabody. Pp. 78. Little, Brown & Co. 75 cents.

Daisy Chain Birthday Book. Gathered, by kind permission, from the writings of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. By Eadgyth. Pp. 185. London. Net, \$1.00.

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The Battle of Dorking; or, Reminiscences of a Volunteer. By an Eye Witness in 1925. By Col. George Chesney. New edition. Paper. Porter & Coates. 25 cents.

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An Old English Grammar. By E. Sievers, Ph.D. Translated and Edited by A. S. Cook, Ph.D. (Jena.) Pp. 235. Ginn, Heath & Co. \$1.25.

Pestalozzi's Leonard and Gertrude. Translated and Abridged by Eva Channing. "Educational Classics." Pp. 181. Ginn, Heath & Co. 80 cents.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited for the use of schools. "Classics for Children." Pp. 306. Boards. Ginn, Heath & Co. 45 cents.

The Swiss Family Robinson. Edited for the use of schools. By I. H. Stickney. "Classics for Children." Pp. 364. Ginn, Heath & Co. 50 cents.

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Lessons in Elementary Practical Physics. By Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., and W. W. H. Gee. Vol. I. General Physical Processes. Pp. 291. Macmillan & Co. London. Net, \$1.50.

The Woods of the United States. With an account of their Structure, Qualities, and Uses. With Geographical and other notes upon the Trees which produce them. By C. S. Sargent. 8vo, pp. 263. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

Our Own Birds. A Familiar Natural History of the Birds of the United States. By W. L. Bailey. Revised and edited by E. D. Cope. Illustrated. Pp. 265. J. B. Lippincott Co. Cloth, plain, \$1.50. Half leather, with colored plates, \$3.50.

Elementary Text-Book of Zoology. General Part and Special Part. Protectors to Insecta; Mollusca to Man. From the German of Dr. C. Claus. Profusely illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo. Macmillan & Co. New York. Net, \$5.00.

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Types of Ethical Theory. By James Martineau, D.D., LL.D. 2 vols., pp. 800. Clarendon Press Series. Net, \$6.00.

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Hegel's Aesthetics. A Critical Exposition. By John S. Kedney, S.T.D. Pp. 302. S. C. Griggs & Co. \$1.25.

RELIGIOUS.

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